SHAKESPEARE'S
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

PART I.

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KING
HENRY
VI
Part I

SHAKESPEARE'S

HISTORY OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART I.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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HENRY VI. IN HIS YOUTH.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THIS play was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623; but it was probably written before 1592, and perhaps two or three years earlier. Its history and authorship have been much disputed; but we can give only an outline of the leading theories concerning it.

Personally, we agree in the main with Dowden, who says (*Primer*, p. 62):

"*King Henry VI., Part I.*, is almost certainly an old play,

by one or more authors, which, as we find it in the 1st folio, had received touches from the hand of Shakspere. In Henslowe's Diary, a *Henry VI.* is said to have been acted March 3, 1591–92. It was extremely popular. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse* (1592), alludes to the triumph on the stage of 'brave Talbot' over the French. But we have no reason for believing that the play which we possess was that mentioned by Henslowe or that alluded to by Nash.* Greene had, perhaps, a chief hand in this play, and he may have been assisted by Peele and Marlowe. There is a general agreement among critics in attributing to Shakspere the scene (ii. 4.) in which the red and white roses are plucked as emblems of the rival parties in the state; perhaps the scene of the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (v. 3. 45 fol.) if not written by Shakspere was touched by him. The general spirit of the drama belongs to an older school than the Shaksperian, and it is a happiness not to have to ascribe to our greatest poet the crude and hateful handling of the character of Joan of Arc, excused though to some extent it may be by the concurrence of view in our old English chronicles."

Malone was "decisively of opinion that this play was not written by Shakespeare," and that it was not by the same author or authors as the other two parts of *Henry VI.*

Collier (2d ed.) considers that the single fact that the editors of the 1st folio printed the play "is sufficient to establish Shakespeare's claim to the authorship of it;" but he is inclined to the opinion that it was founded upon an earlier play.†

* On the other hand, we have no reason for doubting that it was the present play. Fleay (*Introd. to Sh. Study*, p. 30) says that it "certainly" was; but the question cannot be settled in that dogmatic way.

† At an earlier date (*Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii. p. 145) he had said: "It is plausibly conjectured that Shakespeare never touched the *First Part of Henry VI.* as it stands in his works, and it is merely the old play on the early events of that reign, which was most likely written about 1589."

Knight believes that all three parts of *Henry VI.* "are, in the strictest sense of the word, Shakspere's own plays;" and that "their supposed inferiority to his other works, and their dissimilarities of style as compared with those works, are referable to other circumstances than that of their being the productions of an author or authors who preceded him."

Verplanck agrees with Knight in accepting the three plays as early works of Shakespeare. He says: "The dissimilarity of diction and rhythm only show that these plays were not written by Shakespeare after he had learned to use his native language and its verse as a master and creator, and had impressed upon them his own genius, when that genius had been matured and developed by meditation and repeated exercise. They show that, like other great authors and artists, he first used the instruments of his art as he found them, before he remodelled them for grander and more exquisite purposes. They prove, what we know from positive external evidence, that these plays could not have been written by the Shakespeare of 1608 or 1610, while they are such as he might well have written in 1590, in his twenty-fifth year. The classical reading is not more abundant than we find it in several of his earlier plays, as, for example, in *Love's Labour 's Lost.* The historical discrepancies are precisely such as are common in all prolific and rapid writers. The use of Hall at one time, and Holinshed at another, would prove nothing; but the later plays show that though their author used the later historian, he had before used and consulted the older chronicler." *

White, in a long and able paper on the authorship of *Henry VI.*, sums up his views thus:

"If, therefore, we may conclude, that within two or three years of Shakespeare's arrival in London, that is, about 1587

* Malone had made a point of the author's use (especially in Parts II. and III.) of Hall as his authority instead of Holinshed, who is elsewhere, to quote Malone's phrase, "Shakespeare's historian."

or 1588, he was engaged to assist Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps Peele, in dramatizing the events of King Henry VI.'s reign for the Earl of Pembroke's servants, or on a venture ;—that by the facility with which he wrote, as well as by the novelty and superiority of his style, he gradually got most of the work into his own hands, and at last, in the course of a year or two, achieved such a marked success in *The True Tragedy* (which seems to be chiefly his) as to provoke the envy and malice of one at least of his senior colaborers, and be offered a share or more in the Blackfriars Theatre if he would write for that company exclusively ;—and that after he had accepted this offer and had been for a short time a shareholder, he undertook to rewrite the three plays in the composition of which he had taken so remarkable, and, to him, so eventful, a part, and work them into a form in which he might not be unwilling to have them regarded as his own ;—and that he accomplished this about 1591 with so great applause as to embitter still more the jealousy of the playwrights whom he had deposed, and thus gave occasion, if not reason, for a charge of plagiarism which soon was stilled by the death of both his co-laborers, and yet more by the fertility of his own surpassing genius,—we have arrived at a solution of the question which reconciles all the circumstances connected with it in a manner entirely accordant with the theatrical customs of Shakespeare's day and the probable exigencies of his early career. And we have had the pleasure of finding that the three parts of *King Henry VI.*, instead of being plays foisted upon us as his, either by his own want of probity, or the hardly less culpable indifference of his fellows and first editors, are doubly interesting as containing some of the earliest productions of his genius wrought into a contemporary monument of his initial triumph."

Dyce (2d ed.) believes that "the *First Part of King Henry VI.* was not written by Shakespeare in conjunction with

any other author or authors, but that it is a comparatively old drama, which he slightly altered and improved. . . . The fact of its being admitted into the folio may be regarded as a proof that he had touched it here and there."

Staunton, also, thinks that "in the present play the hand of the Great Master is only occasionally perceptible;" and that it is "probably an early play of some inferior author, which he partly remodelled."

Fleay (*Introd. to Sh. Study*, p. 30) says: "The greater part of it is certainly not Shakespeare's; the part containing the episode of Talbot's son (iv. 2, 7, v. 2) is evidently an insertion, and was probably written in 1592 by Shakespeare. The early part of the play (i. 1–iii. 3) was, I think, written by Peele (i. 3, iii. 1) and Marlowe (all the other scenes); ii. 4, 5 being probably of much later date, and inserted by Shakespeare. In the latter part of the play, iv. 2–7 and (?) v. 2 are, in my opinion (confirmed by Mr. Swinburne's) by Shakespeare; v. 1, 3*b* (line 45 to end), 4*b* (line 33 to end), by Peele; while iii. 4, iv. 1, v. 3*a*, 4*a*, 5, seem to be Marlowe altered, possibly by Dodge or Nash. The versification is very like the *Dido*, which was written by Marlowe and revised by Nash."*

Furnivall (*Introd. to Leopold Sh.* p. xxxviii.) says of 1 *Henry VI.*: "It is broken and choppy to an intolerable degree. The only part of it to be put down to Shakspere is the Temple Garden scene of the red and white roses;† and that has nothing specially characteristic in it, though the proportion of extra-syllabled lines in it forbids us supposing it is

* Of the division of the play previously given in his *Shakespeare Manual* (p. 31), Fleay says that it was printed through a mistake and "is, of course, quite wrong." In the chapter contributed to Dr. Ingleby's *Sh. the Man and the Book, Part II.* 1881 (p. 133), the Shakespearian parts of the play are given as above, ii. 4. 5 being marked as "additions *circa* 1600."

† "The wooing of Margaret by Suffolk is not his, as its quick falling off into that 'cooling card,' etc., shows."

very early work. There must be at least three hands in the play, one of whom must have written—probably, only—the rhyme scenes of Talbot and his son. But poor as this play seems to us, we have Nash's evidence that it touched the Elizabethan audiences: 'How would it haue joy'd braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tomb, he should triumph againe on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at seuerall times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding' (*Pierce Penilesse*, p. 60, ed. 1842, Old Shak. Soc.). The characters of the clear-seeing Exeter, the noble Talbot—'great Alcides of the field . . . Lord Furnival, of Sheffield'—and his gallant young son, Salisbury, 'mirror of all martial men,' the generous Bedford, are the only ones that redeem the gloom of such cowards and cads as Somerset, such vain and foolish traitors as the Countess of Auvergne, the baseness of the Dauphin, and the abominable way in which Joan of Arc is treated by Frenchmen as well as English. Traditional as the witch-view of Joan of Arc was in Shakspere's time, one is glad that Shakspere did not set it forth to us."

Hudson ("Harvard" ed.) says: "I can but give it as my firm and settled judgment that the main body of the play is certainly Shakespeare's; nor do I perceive any clear and decisive reason for calling in another hand to account for any part of it." He thinks that it was probably written as early as 1589, when Shakespeare was only twenty-five years old; and that those who deny that he wrote the whole or parts of it are "radically at fault in allowing far too little for the probable difference between the boyhood and the manhood of Shakespeare's genius."

Clarke, in the introduction to the play, remarks: "That the main portion was Shakespeare's composition we cannot believe. . . . There is a stiltedness in the lines, a pompous

mouthingness in the speeches, a stiffness in the construction, pervading the major part of this play, that appear to us inconsistent with his manner, even in his earliest writing."

Coleridge, after quoting the opening speech of the play ("Hung be the heavens with black," etc.), says: "Read aloud any two or three passages in blank verse even from Shakspeare's earliest dramas, as *Love's Labour 's Lost*, or *Romeo and Juliet;* and then read in the same way this speech, with especial attention to the metre; and if you do not feel the impossibility of the latter having been written by Shakspeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears, —for so has another animal,—but an ear you can not have, *me judice.*"

Against the fact that the editors of the folio printed this play may be set the fact that they also printed *Titus Andronicus*, in which Shakespeare could have had little if any part, and also the fact that Meres, in 1598, though he mentions all the other English historical plays that Shakespeare had then written (see *M. N. D.* p. 9, or *C. of E.* p. 102), does *not* refer to *Henry VI.* It must be admitted, however, that the value of Meres's testimony is lessened by the fact that he *does* include *Titus Andronicus.* On the whole, the external evidence concerning the authorship of the present play is of little importance compared with the internal evidence.

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The play is founded on Holinshed's *Chronicles*, as the extracts given in the notes will show; but, as Fleay remarks, it "does not follow him so closely as the histories that are undoubtedly written by Shakespeare." In some instances, Hall's more detailed narrative appears to have been followed. K. remarks: "It was perfectly impossible that any writer who undertook to produce four dramas upon the subject of the wars of York and Lancaster should not have gone to Hall's *Chronicle* as an authority; for that book is

expressly on the subject of these wars. The original edition of 1548 bears this title: 'The Vnion of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, beeying long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the fowerth, the first Aurthor of this deuision, and so successiuely proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eight, the vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages.' . . . It was perfectly natural that he, for the most part, should follow Holinshed, which is a compilation from all the English historians; but, as Holinshed constantly refers to his authorities, and in the period of the civil wars particularly to Hall, it is manifest that for some of his details he would go to the book especially devoted to the subject, in which they were treated more fully than in the abridgment which he generally consulted. For example, in Holinshed's narrative of the pathetic interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue between the father and son, but simply, 'Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life.' In Hall we have the very words at length which the poet has paraphrased."

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature."* *]

The dramas derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakespeare's works, and partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly *one* of his works, for the poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the separate plays constitute

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 419 fol.

the rhapsodies. The principal features of the events are exhibited with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs, are placed in such a clear light, that we may attain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is intended as the vehicle of a much higher and much more general instruction; it furnishes examples of the political course of the world, applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of young princes; from it they may learn the intrinsic dignity of their hereditary vocation, but they will also learn from it the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which buries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors, and crimes of kings, for whole nations, and many subsequent generations. Eight of these plays, from *Richard II.* to *Richard III.*, are linked together in an uninterrupted succession, and embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history. The events portrayed in them not only follow one another, but they are linked together in the closest and most exact connection; and the cycle of revolts, parties, civil and foreign wars, which began with the deposition of Richard II., first ends with the accession of Henry VII. to the throne. The careless rule of the first of these monarchs, and his injudicious treatment of his own relations, drew upon him the rebellion of Bolingbroke; his dethronement, however, was, in point of form, altogether unjust, and in no case could Bolingbroke be considered the rightful heir to the crown. This shrewd founder of the House of Lancaster never as Henry IV. enjoyed in peace the fruits of his usurpation: his turbulent barons, the same who aided him in ascending the throne, allowed him not a moment's repose upon it. On the other hand, he was jealous of the brilliant qualities of his son,

and this distrust, more than any really low inclination, induced the Prince, that he might avoid every appearance of ambition, to give himself up to dissolute society. These two circumstances form the subject-matter of the two parts of *Henry IV.;* the enterprises of the discontented make up the serious, and the wild youthful frolics of the heir-apparent supply the comic scenes. When this warlike Prince ascended the throne under the name of Henry V., he was determined to assert his ambiguous title; he considered foreign conquests as the best means of guarding against internal disturbances, and this gave rise to the glorious, but more ruinous than profitable, war with France, which Shakspeare has celebrated in the drama of *Henry V.* The early death of this king, the long legal minority of Henry VI., and his perpetual minority in the art of government, brought the greatest troubles on England. The dissensions of the Regents, and the consequently wretched administration, occasioned the loss of the French conquests; and there arose a bold candidate for the crown, whose title was indisputable, if the prescription of three governments may not be assumed to confer legitimacy on usurpation. Such was the origin of the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which desolated the kingdom for a number of years, and ended with the victory of the House of York. All this Shakspeare has represented in the three parts of *Henry VI.* Edward IV. shortened his life by excesses, and did not long enjoy the throne purchased at the expense of so many cruel deeds. His brother Richard, who had a great share in the elevation of the House of York, was not contented with the regency, and his ambition paved himself a way to the throne through treachery and violence; but his gloomy tyranny made him the object of the people's hatred, and at length drew on him the destruction which he merited. He was conquered by a descendant of the royal house unstained by the guilt of the civil wars, and what might seem defective in

his title was made good by the merit of freeing his country from a monster. With the accession of Henry VII. to the throne, a new epoch of English history begins: the curse seemed at length to be expiated, and the long series of usurpations, revolts, and civil wars, occasioned by the levity with which Richard II. sported away his crown, was now brought to a termination.

Such is the evident connection of these eight plays with each other, but they were not, however, composed in chronological order. According to appearance, the four last were first written; this is certain, indeed, with respect to the three parts of *Henry VI.* . . .

Shakspeare's choice fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic to a young poet's mind. We do not yet find here the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly its whole strength. Careless as to the apparent unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them; from scenes where the effect is sufficiently agitating to form the catastrophe of a less extensive plan, the poet perpetually hurries us on to catastrophes still more dreadful. The First Part contains only the first forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful saviour of her country, Joan of Arc, is portrayed by Shakspeare with an Englishman's prejudices: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality a heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence (and this circumstance is of the poet's invention) she wins over the Duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, cor-

rupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. After Talbot has in vain sacrificed himself, and the Maid of Orleans has fallen into the hands of the English, the French provinces are completely lost by an impolitic marriage; and with this the piece ends. The conversation between the aged Mortimer in prison, and Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, contains an exposition of the claims of the latter to the throne: considered by itself it is a beautiful tragic elegy.

In the Second Part, the events more particularly prominent are the murder of the honest Protector, Gloster, and its consequences; the death of Cardinal Beaufort; the parting of the Queen from her favourite Suffolk, and his death by the hands of savage pirates; then the insurrection of Jack Cade under an assumed name, and at the instigation of the Duke of York. The short scene where Cardinal Beaufort, who is tormented by his conscience on account of the murder of Gloster, is visited on his death-bed by Henry VI. is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life with such overpowering and awful effect? And yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion; a blessing and a curse stand side by side; the pious King is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments, labours to enter into his soul. The adulterous passion of Queen Margaret and Suffolk is invested with tragical dignity, and all low and ignoble ideas carefully kept out of sight. Without attempting to gloss over the crime of which both are guilty, without seeking to remove our disapprobation of this criminal love,

he still, by the magic force of expression, contrives to excite in us a sympathy with their sorrow. In the insurrection of Cade he has delineated the conduct of a popular demagogue, the fearful ludicrousness of the anarchical tumult of the people, with such convincing truth that one would believe he was an eye-witness of many of the events of our age, which, from ignorance of history, have been considered as without example.

The civil war only begins in the *Second Part;* in the *Third* it is unfolded in its full destructive fury. The picture becomes gloomier and gloomier, and seems at last to be painted rather with blood than with colours. With horror we behold fury giving birth to fury, vengeance to vengeance, and see that when all the bonds of human society are violently torn asunder, even noble matrons became hardened to cruelty. The most bitter contempt is the portion of the unfortunate; no one affords to his enemy that pity which he will himself shortly stand in need of. With all party is family, country, and religion, the only spring of action. As York, whose ambition is coupled with noble qualities, prematurely perishes, the object of the whole contest is now either to support an imbecile king, or to place on the throne a luxurious monarch, who shortens the dear-bought possession by the gratification of an insatiable voluptuousness. For this the celebrated and magnanimous Warwick spends his chivalrous life; Clifford revenges the death of his father with blood-thirsty filial love; and Richard, for the elevation of his brother, practises those dark deeds by which he is soon after to pave the way to his own greatness. In the midst of the general misery, of which he has been the innocent cause, King Henry appears like the powerless image of a saint, in whose wonder-working influence no man any longer believes: he can but sigh and weep over the enormities which he witnesses. In his simplicity, however, the gift of prophecy is lent to this pious king: in the moment of his

death, at the close of this great tragedy, he prophesies a still more dreadful tragedy with which futurity is pregnant, as much distinguished for the poisonous wiles of cold-blooded wickedness as the former for deeds of savage fury.

[*From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere."* *]

When we begin to study the *Henry VI.*, we find in the *First Part* that the action does not appear to progress to a catastrophe ; that the author lingers about the details, as one who was called upon to exhibit an entire series of events rather than the most dramatic portions of them ;—there are the alternations of success and loss, and loss and success, till we somewhat doubt to which side to assign the victory. The characters are firmly drawn, but without any very subtle distinctions,—and their sentiments and actions appear occasionally inconsistent, or at any rate not guided by a determined purpose in the writer. It is easy to perceive that this mode of dealing with a complicated subject was the most natural and obvious to be adopted by an unpractised poet, who was working without models. But although the effect may be, to a certain extent, undramatic, there is impressed upon the whole performance a wonderful air of truth. Much of this must have resulted from the extraordinary quality of the poet's mind, which could tear off all the flimsy conventional disguises of individual character, and penetrate the real moving principle of events with a rare acuteness, and a rarer impartiality. In our view, the whole portion of the *First Part of Henry VI.* which deals with the character and actions of Joan of Arc is a remarkable example of this power in Shakspere. We find her described in the *Chronicles* under every form of vituperation,—a monstrous woman, a monster, a ramp, a devilish witch and satanical enchantress, an organ of the devil. She was the

* *Pictorial Edition of Shakspere*, edited by Charles Knight (2d ed. London, 1867), vol. ii. of *Histories*, p. 471.

main instrument through which England had lost France; and thus the people still hated her memory. She claimed to be invested with supernatural powers; and thus her name was not only execrated but feared. Neither the patriotism nor the superstition of Shakspere's age would have endured that the Pucelle should have been dismissed from the scene without vengeance taken upon her imagined crimes; or that confession should not be made by her which would exculpate the authors of her death. Shakspere has conducted her history up to the point when she is handed over to the stake. Other writers would have burnt her upon the scene, and the audience would have shouted with the same delight that they felt when the Barabas of Marlowe was thrown into the caldron. Shakspere, following the historian, has made her utter a contradictory confession of one of the charges against her honour; but he has taken care to show that the brutality of her English persecutors forced from her an inconsistent avowal, if it did not suggest a false one, for the purpose of averting a cruel and instant death. In the treatment which she receives from York and Warwick, the poet has not exhibited one single circumstance that might excite sympathy for *them*. They are cold, and cruel, and insolent, because a defenceless creature whom they had dreaded is in their power. Her parting malediction has, as it appears to us, especial reference to the calamities which await the authors of her death:

> "May never glorious sun reflex his beams
> Upon the country where you make abode!
> But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
> Environ you."

But in all the previous scenes Shakspere has drawn the character of the Maid with an undisguised sympathy for her courage, her patriotism, her high intellect, and her enthusiasm. If she had been the defender of England, and not of France, the poet could not have invested her with higher attributes.

It is in her mouth that he puts his choicest thoughts and his most musical verse. It is she who says

> "Glory is like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
> Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought."

It is she who solicits the alliance of Burgundy in a strain of impassioned eloquence which belongs to one fighting in a high cause with unconquerable trust, and winning over enemies by the firm resolves of a vigorous understanding and an unshaken will. The lines beginning

> "Look on thy country, look on fertile France,"

might have given the tone to every thing that has been subsequently written in honour of the Maid. It was his accurate knowledge of the springs of character, which in so young a man appears almost intuitive, that made Shakspere adopt this delineation of Joan of Arc. He knew that, with all the influence of her supernatural pretension, this extraordinary woman could not have swayed the destinies of kingdoms, and moulded princes and warriors to her will, unless she had been a person of very rare natural endowments. She was represented by the Chroniclers as a mere virago, a bold and shameless trull, a monster, a witch; because they adopted the vulgar view of her character—the view, in truth, of those to whom she was opposed. *They* were rough soldiers, with all the virtues and all the vices of their age; the creatures of brute force; the champions, indeed, of chivalry, but with the brand upon them of all the selfish passions with which the highest deeds of chivalry were too invariably associated. The wonderful thing about the *First Part of Henry VI.* is, that these men, who stood in the same relation of time to Shakspere's age as the men of Anne do to ours, should have been painted with a pencil at once so vigorous and so true. The English Chroniclers, in all that regards the delineation of characters and manners, give us abundant

materials upon which we may form an estimate of actions, and motives, and instruments; but they do not show us the instruments moving in their own forms of vitality; they do not lay bare their motives; and hence we have no real key to their actions. Froissart is, perhaps, the only contemporary writer who gives us real portraits of the men of mail. But Shakspere marshalled them upon his stage, in all their rude might, their coarse ambition, their low jealousies, their factious hatreds, mixed up with their thirst for glory, their indomitable courage, their warm friendships, their tender natural affections, their love of country. They move over his scene, displaying alike their grandeur and their littleness. He arrays them, equally indifferent whether their faults or their excellences be most prominent. The "terrible Talbot" denounces his rival Fastolfe with a bitterness unworthy a companion in arms; enters into a fierce war of words with the Pucelle, in which her power of understanding leaves him almost contemptible; and fights onward from scene to scene as if there was nothing high in man except the power of warring against his fellows: but he weeps like a lover over the fruitless gallantry of his devoted son; and he folds his dead boy in his rough arms, even as the mother, perishing with her child, takes the cold clay of the dear one to her bosom. This is the *truth* which Shakspere substituted for the vague delineations of the old stage. These are the pictures of manners which he gave to the people, when other poets adopted the easier expedient of separating the imaginative from the vulgar view of human actions and passions, only by rejecting whatever was real. He gave to his audiences new characters and new manners, simply because he presented to them the characters and manners of the ages which he undertook to delineate. Other men were satisfied to find the new in what never had an existence.

[*From Verplanck's "Shakespeare."**]

The pure Chronicle History was the third stage of the graver English drama, as it passed on from coarse rudeness to the noblest forms of poetic and historic tragedy. Its first stage was the ancient "miracle play," founded on scriptural narrative or popular sacred legends of saints and martyrs. Then succeeded the "moralities," or moral plays, which were poetical and dramatic allegories in dialogue, bearing upon the popular political or religious topics of the day, in which virtues and vices, church and state, follies, and parties and opinions, appeared as allegorical personages. Then, after the language had assumed nearly its present character, and English history had been made accessible to English readers by Hall and his fellow-chroniclers, came the proper dramatized "chronicle history." This was an inartificial dramatic representation of popular history following the order of time in the succession of events, sometimes with a mixture of the allegorical personages of the older plays, and often made to bear on similar political feelings of the times. Such was the original *King John* of Bishop Bale, one of the very earliest plays of this class. It was written by a Protestant reformer, and intended to excite popular feeling against the Church of Rome.

The proper chronicle history, or strict historical drama, appears to have still been very popular at the period when Shakespeare first became acquainted with the stage, although Marlowe, and Kyd, and Whetstone, had made the public familiar with tragedy in its more ambitious form of dramatic invention and splendid poetical decoration. Most of these histories were, like the *Famous Victories of Henry V.*, of a very humble order of talent, and apparently owed their long-continued popularity to the interest of their subjects, so

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. i. p. 5 of 1 *Hen. VI.*

intimately associated with the traditions, recollections, and national or local feelings of their audiences. Others, again, like the *King John* which immediately preceded Shakespeare's, and Marlowe's *Edward II.*, were executed with no contemptible spirit and talent. Some of them varied their graver scenes with coarse buffoon humour. But none of them rose much above the level of the mere dramatized historical narrative, or gave to the events which they represented the effect of dramatic unity, or the deeper feeling or sustained splendour of tragic poetry. The raising this dramatized chronicle to a higher stage of art, or, rather, the creation of English historical tragedy and tragi-comedy, was reserved for Shakespeare. He first, among his countrymen, gave to represented history the unity of a pervading interest, sentiment, and object; marking all the crowded succession of characters who had figured in the great events of his country's history with an individuality and life such as could be derived only from an intimate knowledge of general and living human nature, pouring over them and their deeds the light of moral instruction blended with the richest colours of fancy, and, at the same time, making the broadest humour and the most prolific mirthful invention the adjuncts and exponents of historical truth.

But the progress of the Poet's mind, in this as in other walks, though rapid was gradual; a fact which his critics seem constantly disposed to overlook. It was not until *Henry IV.*, *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, and *King John* (whatever may have been the precise order of their succession), that he had acquired the full mastery of that poetic alchemy which could transmute every rude and coarse fragment of the chronicle narratives "into something rich and strange." These three plays, representing the feeble and disastrous reign of Henry VI., unquestionably preceded this period. They are expressly referred to in the concluding Chorus to *Henry V.* as having been often represented before that play was produced:

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown;* and for their sake,
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

They were first printed in their present form, as enlarged and connected in one continuous play of successive parts, in the folio of 1623. They all obviously belong to the old fashion of the chronicle drama, before the great Poet had familiarized himself and his contemporaries with the idea of impressing upon such materials the spirit and interest of the higher tragedy. They are annals thrown into action, and they differ from other contemporary writings of the same class, not in being of a higher aim and more artist-like conception of the whole, but merely in the superior spirit, vigour, and congruity of the parts. The incidents, in their long succession, are depicted naturally and vividly; the characters are every one of them marked with distinctness and consistency, and with a vivid and rapid power of portraiture, such as "the dogged York that reaches at the moon;" Suffolk's "cloudy brow and stormy hate;" Beaufort's "red sparkling eyes." In Margaret we have a foreshadowing of Lady Macbeth finely contrasted with the meek and holy Henry, whose gentle lowliness of spirit is brought out with a prominence and beauty a good deal beyond what history alone would have suggested to the Poet; as even in the Lancastrian chronicles he appears unfitted for sovereignty, more from mere imbecility than from gentle virtues, unsuited to a station demanding "sterner stuff." Occasionally, too, as in the Cardinal's death, York's last scene, and many of Henry's speeches, appears a power of the pathetic and of the terrible, in which, however imperfectly developed, we cannot mistake the future author of *Lear* and *Macbeth*. It is on that account that, while from the absence of that overflow-

ing thought and quick-flashing fancy, which pervade the other histories, the paucity of those Shakespearian bold felicities of expression which fasten themselves upon the memory, and from the inferiority of the versification in freedom and melody, they can add nothing to the reputation of Shakespeare as a poet, they have nevertheless taken strong hold of the general mind, are familiar to all readers, and have certainly substituted their representations of the persons and incidents of the wars of York and Lancaster in popular opinion, alike to those of the sober narratives of the chroniclers, and of the philosophic inferences of modern historians. This is certainly no mean proof of the essential strength and spirit of these plays, however secondary their rank may be as poetic or dramatic compositions. Some portion of this popularity they indeed derive from their close connection with the more brilliant and original dramas which precede and follow them in the historic scenes. But though inferior to them, they are still evidently a portion, and not an unworthy one, of the same grand composition; they all having that congruity of character, that mutual enchainment of events, allusions, and opinions, which mark them all to have been kept in view together in the author's mind, as the several parts of one continuous plot, though not constituting a single dramatic whole.

ANGIERS.

FIRST PART
of
KING HENRY
VI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.
WOODVILE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White-Rose or York faction.
BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England and partly in France.*

TOWER HILL (SCENE III.).

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

Dead March. *Enter the Funeral of* KING HENRY the Fifth, *attended on by the* DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Regent of France; the* DUKE OF GLOSTER, *Protector; the* DUKE OF EXETER, *the* EARL OF WARWICK, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, *etc.*

Bedford. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!

King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Gloster. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command;
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech;
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.
Exeter. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive;
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?
Winchester. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought;
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Gloster. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.
Winchester. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Gloster. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bedford. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace!
Let 's to the altar.—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry 's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate!
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright ——

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bedford. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.
Gloster. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exeter. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
Messenger. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions,

And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exeter. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bedford. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeled coat. I 'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims:
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exeter. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Gloster. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.

Bedford. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Winchester. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

Messenger. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;

Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.
Bedford. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.
Messenger. O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford;
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
Bedford. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
Messenger. So you had need, for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exeter. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bedford. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Gloster. I 'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
Exeter. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,

Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Winchester. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *marching with drum and Soldiers.*

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alençon. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves;
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reignier. Let 's raise the siege; why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Charles. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.
Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.

Charles. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reignier. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alençon. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Charles. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reignier. I think, by some odd gimmers or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.

Alençon. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

Bastard. Where 's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Charles. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bastard. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand;
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Charles. Go, call her in.—[*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD of Orleans, *with* JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reignier. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Pucelle. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reignier. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucelle. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation

And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success;
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated;
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Charles. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make:
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pucelle. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Charles. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Pucelle. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*

Charles. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Pucelle. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Charles. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be;
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucelle. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above.

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Charles. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reignier. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk,
Alençon. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reignier. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alençon. He may mean more than we poor men do know;
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reignier. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Pucelle. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Charles. What she says I 'll confirm; we 'll fight it out.
Pucelle. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise;
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Charles. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alençon. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reignier. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortaliz'd.
Charles. Presently we 'll try.—Come, let 's away about it;
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *London. Before the Tower.*

Enter the Duke of Gloster, *with his* Servingmen *in blue coats.*

Gloster. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls.

1 *Warder.* [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Servingman.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 *Warder.* [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Servingman.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Warder.* [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him;
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Gloster. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloster's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Woodvile. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Gloster. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloster that would enter.

Woodvile. Have patience, noble duke, I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Gloster. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king.
Open the gates or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

Servingmen. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER *and his men in tawny coats.*

Winchester. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Gloster. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Winchester. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Gloster. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murther our dead lord,
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.
I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winchester. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Gloster. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back;
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Winchester. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Gloster. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats!—Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.

Winchester. Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

Gloster. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—

Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloster's men beat out the Cardinal's men; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London *and his* Officers.

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Gloster. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Winchester. Here 's Gloster, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Gloster. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation.—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Officer. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Gloster. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Winchester. Gloster, we will meet, to thy cost, be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.

Gloster. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou mayst.

Winchester. Abominable Gloster, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, Gloster and Winchester with their Servingmen.*

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, a Master-Gunner *and his* Boy.

Master-Gunner. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besiêg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

Master-Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me.
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Salisbury. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Talbot. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me;
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisbury. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Talbot. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walk'd about me every minute while,

And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy *with a linstock.*

Salisbury. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans;
Here, through this grate, I count each one
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gargrave. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glansdale. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Talbot. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*

Salisbury. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gargrave. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Talbot. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace;
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort:
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
Wretched shall France be only in my name.—
[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head;
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*
Talbot. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you;
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene V. *The Same.*

Here an alarum again; and Talbot *pursueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter* Talbot.

Talbot. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes.—I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee.
Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucelle. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee.
[*Here they fight.*

Talbot. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*

Pucelle. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come.
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Talbot. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists;
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench

Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.— [*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*
It will not be. Retire into your trenches;
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

Scene VI. *The Same.*

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, *and Soldiers.*

Pucelle. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan La Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Charles. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans;
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reignier. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?—

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alençon. All France will be replete with mirth and joy.
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Charles. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was;
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

THE TEMPLE GARDEN (SCENE IV.).

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before Orleans.*

Enter a Sergeant *of a band, with two* Sentinels.

Sergeant. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant;
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 *Sentinel.* Sergeant, you shall.—[*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.*

Talbot. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bedford. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Burgundy. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

Talbot. A maid, they say.

Bedford. A maid! and be so martial!

Burgundy. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun!

Talbot. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bedford. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Talbot. Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bedford. Agreed; I 'll to yond corner.

Burgundy. And I to this.

Talbot. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Sentinel. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[*Cry:* '*St. George*,' '*A Talbot.*'

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alençon. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bastard. Unready! ay, and glad we scap'd so well.
Reignier. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alençon. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.
Bastard. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reignier. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alençon. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.
Bastard. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Charles. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Pucelle. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Charles. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alençon. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bastard. Mine was secure.
Reignier. And so was mine, my lord.
Charles. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels;
Then how or which way should they first break in?
Pucelle. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way; 't is sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, *crying 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Soldier. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Orleans. Within the Town.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, *a* Captain, *and others.*

Bedford. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Talbot. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd;
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bedford. 'T is thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Burgundy. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Talbot. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Messenger. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Burgundy. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Talbot. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bedford. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Talbot. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?
Captain. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Auvergne. The Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS *and her* Porter.

Countess. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Porter. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Countess. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account;
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Messenger. Madam,

According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.
Countess. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Messenger. Madam, it is.
Countess. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false;
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Talbot. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you.
Countess. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.
Messenger. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Talbot. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter *with keys.*

Countess. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Talbot. Prisoner! to whom?
Countess. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Talbot. Ha, ha, ha!

Countess. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Talbot. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Countess. Why, art not thou the man?

Talbot. I am indeed.

Countess. Then have I substance too.

Talbot. No, no, I am but shadow of myself;
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here,
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Countess. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talbot. That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Countess. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Talbot. Be not dismay'd, fair lady, nor misconstrue

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Countess. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *London. The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, *and another* Lawyer.

Plantagenet. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suffolk. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plantagenet. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suffolk. Faith, I have been a truant in the law
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Somerset. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.
Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plantagenet. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;

The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Somerset. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plantagenet. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Somerset. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
Warwick. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suffolk. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.
Vernon. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Somerset. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plantagenet. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Somerset. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Vernon. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Somerset. Well, well, come on; who else?
Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plantagenet. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Somerset. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plantagenet. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Somerset. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plantagenet. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Somerset. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plantagenet. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.
Suffolk. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plantagenet. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suffolk. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Somerset. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
Warwick. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plantagenet. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Somerset. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plantagenet. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension;
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Somerset. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plantagenet. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suffolk. Go forward and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Somerset. Have with thee, Pole.--Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plantagenet. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
Warwick. This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;

And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plantagenet. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Vernon. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Lawyer. And so will I.
Plantagenet. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair, and* Gaolers.

Mortimer. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come;
1 *Gaoler.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come;
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.
Mortimer. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Gaoler.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mortimer. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plantagenet. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.
Mortimer. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?
Plantagenet. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I 'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mortimer. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plantagenet. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mortimer. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent,
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,

Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plantagenet. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mortimer. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plantagenet. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me;
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mortimer. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plantagenet. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mortimer. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plantagenet. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ROUEN.

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament House.*

Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Winchester. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Gloster. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Winchester. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;

No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—
Gloster. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Winchester. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Gloster. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Winchester. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Gloster. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Winchester. Unreverent Gloster!
Gloster. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Winchester. Rome shall remedy this.
Warwick. Roam thither, then.
Somerset. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Warwick. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Somerset. Methinks my lord should be religious
And know the office that belongs to such.
Warwick. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Somerset. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
Warwick. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plantagenet. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise within*, 'Down with the tawny coats!'
What tumult 's this?
Warwick. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again*, 'Stones! stones!'

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Servingmen, *in skirmish, with bloody pates.*

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.—
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Servingman.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Servingman.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

Gloster. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Servingman.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,

Inferior to none but to his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the common weal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
1 *Servingman.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*
Gloster. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
Warwick. Yield, my lord protector; — yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murther too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Winchester. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Gloster. Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
Warwick. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear;
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Gloster. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
King. Fie, Uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
Warwick. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Winchester. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
Gloster. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not.
Winchester. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 *Servingman.* Content; I 'll to the surgeon's.
2 *Servingman.* And so will I.
3 *Servingman.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Servingmen, Mayor, etc.*
Warwick. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Gloster. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told your majesty.
King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force;
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.
Warwick. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Winchester. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plantagenet. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.
King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.
Plantagenet. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Somerset. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!
Gloster. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
King. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Gloster. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*
Exeter. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame;
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all;
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *France. Before Rouen.*

Enter La Pucelle *disguised, with four* Soldiers *with sacks upon their backs.*

Pucelle. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Soldier.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. [*Within*] Qui est là?

Pucelle. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Pucelle. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, *the* Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, *and forces.*

Charles. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen!

Bastard. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reignier. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.*

Pucelle. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*
Bastard. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Charles. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Reignier. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

An alarum. Enter TALBOT *in an excursion.*

Talbot. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. [*Exit.*

An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD *brought in sick in a chair. Enter* TALBOT *and* BURGUNDY *without: within* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

Pucelle. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate.
'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Burgundy. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Charles. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.
Bedford. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Pucelle. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Talbot. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Pucelle. Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[*The English whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Talbot. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
Pucelle. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
Talbot. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alençon. Signior, no.
Talbot. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucelle. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Talbot. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die;

And I, as sure as English Henry lives
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.
Burgundy. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Talbot. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
Bedford. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me;
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal or woe.
Burgundy. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
Bedford. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Talbot. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so.—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*

An alarum: excursions. *Enter* SIR JOHN FASTOLFE *and a* Captain.

Captain. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fastolfe. Whither away! to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Captain. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
Fastolfe. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Captain. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon, *and* Charles *fly.*

Bedford. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the rest.*

Talbot. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!
Burgundy. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.
Talbot. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep.
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.
Burgundy. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.
Talbot. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen.
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Plains near Rouen.*

Enter Charles, *the* Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, La Pucelle, *and forces.*

Pucelle. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alençon. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucelle. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Charles. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alençon. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucelle. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT *and his forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his;
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Charles. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Burgundy. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucelle. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Burgundy. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucelle. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France! Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Burgundy. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Pucelle. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lovely babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burgundy. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucelle. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord.
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burgundy. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace;
My forces and my power of men are yours.—
So farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

Pucelle. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Charles. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alençon. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Paris. The Palace.*

Enter the King, Gloster, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: Vernon, Basset, *and others. To them with his* Soldiers, Talbot.

Talbot. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign;
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace. [*Kneels.*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Gloster. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face.
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

Vernon. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Basset. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vernon. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Basset. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Vernon. Hark ye, not so; in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*

Basset. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Vernon. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you,
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

BOURDEAUX IN OUR DAY.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paris. A Hall of State.*

Enter the KING, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, *the* Governor of Paris, *and others.*

Gloster. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Winchester. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Gloster. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him,

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state;
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fastolfe. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Talbot. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Gloster. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Talbot. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit Fastolfe.*

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Gloster. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?

No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What 's here? [Reads] '*I have, upon especial cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'—
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Gloster. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Gloster. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Talbot. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
King. Then gather strength and march unto him straight;
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Talbot. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Vernon. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.
Basset. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.
York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince.
Somerset. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him.
King Henry. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Vernon. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Basset. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
King Henry. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I 'll answer you.
Basset. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him,
With other vile and ignominious terms;
In confutation of which rude reproach
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Vernon. And that is my petition, noble lord:

For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Somerset. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King Henry. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Somerset. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Vernon. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Basset. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Gloster. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exeter. It grieves his highness.—Good my lords, be friends.

King Henry. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York;
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach;
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France;—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot:
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;

From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.*

Warwick. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

Warwick. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exeter. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter Talbot, *with trump and drum.*

Talbot. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General *and others, aloft.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,

Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would: Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire,
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

General. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee;
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, etc.*

Talbot. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter a Messenger *that meets* York. *Enter* York *with trumpet and many* Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Messenger. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!

Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am louted by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France!

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—

Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours are won away,
Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit, with his soldiers.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *Other Plains in Gascony.*

Enter Somerset, *with his army; a* Captain *of* Talbot's *with him.*

Somerset. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Captain. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Somerset. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot,
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions;
And whiles the honourable captain there

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Somerset. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Somerset. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Somerset. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled.
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Somerset. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his son.*

Talbot. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight; come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
Talbot. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Talbot. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly;
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
Talbot. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
Talbot. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Talbot. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Talbot. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?
Talbot. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Talbot. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Talbot. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *A Field of Battle.*

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son *is hemmed about, and* Talbot *rescues him.*

Talbot. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Talbot. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered;
And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy.'
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'T is but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.
Talbot. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus! Thy life to me is sweet;
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let 's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum: excursions. *Enter old* Talbot *led by a* Servant.

Talbot. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience:
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;

And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Servant. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, *with the body of young* TALBOT.

Talbot. Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.—
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Charles. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bastard. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Pucelle. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid;'
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Burgundy. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!
Bastard. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Charles. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, *attended;* Herald *of the French preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Charles. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Charles. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Pucelle. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Pucelle. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Charles. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I 'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Charles. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.—
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ROOM IN THE PALACE (SCENE V.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. The Palace.*

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

King. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Gloster. I have, my lord, and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellence

To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
King. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Gloster. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.
King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Gloster. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter WINCHESTER *in Cardinal's habit, a* Legate, *and two* Ambassadors.

Exeter. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'
King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;

And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Gloster. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover, where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*

Winchester. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Winchester. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee.
I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, La Pucelle, *and forces.*

Charles. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alençon. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Pucelle. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Charles. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Charles. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them,

Burgundy. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucelle. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

Charles. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Before Angiers.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Pucelle. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.—

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.—
[*They depart.*
See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. *Re-enter* LA PUCELLE *fighting hand to hand with* YORK: LA PUCELLE *is taken.* *The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast;
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!
Pucelle. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Pucelle. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Pucelle. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* SUFFOLK, *with* MARGARET *in his hand.*

Suffolk. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Margaret. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
Suffolk. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me;
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend. [*She is going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.—
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.
Margaret. Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suffolk. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Margaret. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suffolk. She 's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Margaret. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.
Suffolk. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Margaret. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suffolk. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Margaret. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suffolk. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Margaret. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suffolk. I 'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king; tush, that 's a wooden thing!
Margaret. He talks of wood; it is some carpenter.
Suffolk. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Margaret. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
Suffolk. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much;

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Margaret. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suffolk. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Margaret. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suffolk. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Margaret. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suffolk. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Margaret. I cry you mercy, 't is but quid for quo.
Suffolk. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Margaret. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.
Suffolk. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Margaret. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suffolk. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Margaret. What?
Suffolk. His love.
Margaret. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suffolk. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?
Margaret. An if my father please, I am content.
Suffolk. Then call our captains and our colours forth.—
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.—

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER *on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reignier. To whom?

Suffolk. To me.

Reignier. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier and unapt to weep
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suffolk. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord;
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reignier. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suffolk. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reignier. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*

Suffolk. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reignier. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suffolk. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king.
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reignier. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suffolk. That is her ransom, I deliver her;

And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reignier. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suffolk. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.—
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.—
So farewell, Reignier; set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reignier. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.
Margaret. Farewell, my lord; good wishes, praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suffolk. Farewell, sweet madam; but hark you, Margaret,
No princely commendations to my king?
Margaret. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suffolk. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?
Margaret. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suffolk. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Margaret. That for thyself; I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*
Suffolk. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay!
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shepherd. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee!

Pucelle. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shepherd. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

Warwick. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shepherd. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Pucelle. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shepherd. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'st her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?—
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucelle. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits;
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!

Warwick. And hark ye, sirs: because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucelle. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!
Warwick. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
Warwick. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live,
Especially since Charles must father it.
Pucelle. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Pucelle. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
Warwick. A married man! that 's most intolerable.
York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
Warwick. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee;
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Pucelle. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode,
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*
York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, *attended.*

Cardinal. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

Warwick. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Charles. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Cardinal. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,

Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown;
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alençon. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Charles. 'T is known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king;
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reignier. [*Aside to Charles*] My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alençon. [*Aside to Charles*] To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
Warwick. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?
Charles. It shall;
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[*Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *London. The Palace.*

Enter Suffolk *in conference with the* King, Gloster *and* Exeter *following.*

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me.
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suffolk. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command,—
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.—
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Gloster. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suffolk. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Gloster. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suffolk. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem,
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Gloster. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exeter. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suffolk. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich;
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king.
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords! and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that

My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Gloster. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.*

Suffolk. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.

ORLEANS.

INTRODUCTION.

For the following sketch of the historical action of the play, with the extracts from Holinshed and Hall, we are indebted to Knight:

Act I.—"The play opens with the funeral of Henry V. In this, as

it appears to us, there is great dramatic judgment. The death of that prince, who was the conqueror of France and the idol of England—who, by his extraordinary talents and energy, obliterated almost the memory of the circumstances under which his father obtained the throne—was the starting-point of a long period of error and misfortune, during which France was lost, and England torn to pieces by civil war. It was the purpose of the poet to mark most strikingly the obvious cause of these events; and thus, surrounding the very bier of Henry V., the great lords, to whom were committed the management of his kingdom and the guardianship of his son, begin to dispute, and the messenger of France reproaches them for their party conflicts:

> 'Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
> That here you maintain several factions.'

This, indeed, was an anticipation; for it was two or three years after the accession of Henry VI. that the quarrels of Gloster and Beaufort became dangerous to the realm. In the same way, the losses of towns in France, the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims, and the defeat of Talbot at Patay, were all anticipations of events which occurred during the succeeding seven years. The poet had the chronicles before him in which these events are detailed, year by year, with the strictest regard to dates. But he was not himself a chronicler. It was his business to crowd the narrative of these events upon the scene, so as to impress upon his audience the general truth that the death of Henry V. was succeeded by disasters which finally overthrew the empire of the English in France. In the final chorus to Henry V., written some years after this play, the dramatic connection of these disasters with the death of this heroic prince is clearly indicated:

> 'Fortune made his sword,
> By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
> And of it left his son imperial lord.
> Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
> Which oft our stage hath shown.'

This is the theme of the three parts of Henry VI. and of Richard III.: and in this, the first of these four dramas, or rather the first division of this one great drama, the poet principally shows how France was lost, whilst he slightly touches upon the growth of those factions through which England bled. Previous to the loss of France there was a period of brilliant success, during which the Regent Bedford appeared likely to insure to Henry VI. the quiet possession of what Henry V. had won for him. But it was not the province of the dramatist to exhibit this aspect of affairs. In the first scene he prepares us, by a bold condensation of the narrative of events connected in themselves, but occurring at distant periods, for the final loss of France. In the second scene he brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commenced—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the almost miraculous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years be-

tween the events of the first scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, commences the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding scene stands in the place of a prologue, and is the key-note to what is to follow.

"The narrative of Holinshed, and not that of Hall, has been followed by the poet in the second scene of this act:—

"'In time of this siege at Orleans, unto Charles the Dauphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and study how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, captain of Vacouleur (made after marshal of France by the Dauphin's creation), was carried a young wench of an eighteen years old, called Joan Arc, by name of her father (a sorry shepherd), James of Arc, and Isabella her mother, brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Joan Domprin), upon Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocese of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person strongly made and manly, of courage great, hardy, and stout withal, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastity both of body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week. A person (as their books make her) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeply in distress, in whom, for planting a credit the rather, first the company that towards the Dauphin did conduct her, through places all dangerous, as held by the English, where she never was afore, all the way and by nightertale* safely did she lead: then at the Dauphin's sending by her assignement, from Saint Katherine's church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there, among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five fleurs-de-lis was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did many slaughters by her own hands. In warfare rode she in armour, cap-à-pie and mustered as a man, before her an ensign all white, wherein was Jesus Christ painted with a fleur-de-lis in his hand.

"'Unto the Dauphin into his gallery when first she was brought, and he shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him to try her cunning from all the company, with a salutation (that indeed was all the matter) she picked him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallery, where she held him an hour in secret and private talk, that of his privy chamber was thought very long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let her say on. In which (among other), as likely it was, she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) given her to understand by revelation divine, that in virtue of that sword she should achieve, which were, how with honour and victory she would raise the siege at Orleans, set him in state of the crown of France, and drive the English out of the country, thereby he to enjoy the king-

* Night-time. The word is in Chaucer:—

"So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale."

Tyrwhitt explains it as derived from the Saxon nightern dæl,—*nocturna portio.*

dom alone. Hereupon he hearkened at full, appointed her a sufficient army with absolute power to lead them, and they obediently to do as she bade them.'

"Our quotation is from the second and enlarged edition of Holinshed published in 1586–7; and by this quotation the fact is established, which has not before been noticed, that the author of the *First Part of Henry VI.* must have consulted that very edition. In the original edition of Holinshed, the first appearance of Joan of Arc at Orleans is treated in a very different manner:—

"'While this treaty was in hand, the Dauphin studied daily how to provide remedy, by the delivery of his friends in Orleans out of their present danger. And even at the same time that monstrous woman, named Joan la Pucell de Dieu, was presented to him at Chinon, where as then he sojourned, of which woman ye may find more written in the French history, touching her birth, estate, and quality. But, briefly to speak of her doings, so much credit was given to her, that she was honoured as a saint, and so she handled the matter that she was thought to be sent from God to the aid of the Dauphin, otherwise called the French King, Charles, the seventh of that name, as an instrument to deliver France out of the Englishmen's hands, and to establish him in the kingdom.'

"In this passage the term 'monstrous woman' is taken from Hall, who says 'she as a monster was sent to the Dolphin.' Hall says she was 'a great space a chamberlain in a common hostery, and was a ramp of such boldness that she would course horses and ride them to water, and do things that other young maidens both abhorred and were ashamed to do.' The description of Joan of Arc by herself—

'Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter'—

is suggested by Holinshed:—'Brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle.' Of the choice of her sword 'out of a deal of old iron,' we have nothing in Hall, nor in the first edition of Holinshed, nor have we the selection of the Dauphin from amongst his courtiers in these earlier authorities.

"The third scene of this act hurries us back to London. The poet will not lose sight of the events which made England bleed, whilst he delineates those by which France was lost. The narrative of Holinshed, upon which this scene is founded, is almost a literal transcript from Hall. Both chroniclers give the complaint before the Parliament at Leicester of Gloster against Beaufort; of which the first article alleges that the Bishop incited Woodville, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to refuse admission to Gloster, 'he being protector and defender of this land.'

"The fourth scene is a dramatic amplification of a dramatic scene which the poet found both in Hall and Holinshed. We give the passage from the latter chronicler, as it differs very slightly from that of his predecessor:—

"'In the tower that was taken at the bridge end (as before you have heard) there was an high chamber, having a grate full of bars of iron, by the which a man might look all the length of the bridge into the city;

at which grate many of the chief captains stood many times, viewing the city, and devising in what place it was best to give the assault. They within the city well perceived this tooting-hole, and laid a piece of ordinance directly against the window. It so chanced, that, the nine-and-fiftieth day after the siege was laid, the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glansdale, with divers other, went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate, and, within a short space, the son of the master-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, took his match (as his father had taught him, who was gone down to dinner), and fired the gun; the shot whereof broke and shivered the iron bars of the grate, so that one of the same bars struck the earl so violently on the head, that it struck away one of his eyes and the side of his cheek. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken, and died within two days. The earl was conveyed to Meun on Loire, where, after eight days, he likewise departed this world.'

"The fifth scene, the subject of which is the entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, follows the course of narration in both chroniclers; but it was in Hall that the poet found a suggestion for this passage:—

> 'Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
> Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
> And feast and banquet in the open streets,
> To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.'

The old historian is quaintly picturesque in his notice of the joy which this great event produced amongst the French:—

"'After this siege thus broken up, to tell you what triumphs were made in the city of Orleans, what wood was spent in fires, what wine was drunk in houses, what songs were sung in the streets, what melody was made in taverns, what rounds were danced in large and broad places, what lights were set up in the churches, what anthems were sung in chapels, and what joy was showed in every place, it were a long work, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would have done; and we, being in like estate, would have done as they did.'"

Act II.—"'This is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin * upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frighted the French from the siege of Burdeaux.'

"Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his *Worthies*, gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold, chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspere; and other writers, besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, thus speaks of him in 1579:—'His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that ofttimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his

* Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos meos.

name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.' By a poetical license, Talbot, in this act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas in truth his defeat at the battle of Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc. The loss of this battle is attributed, in the description of the messenger in the first act, solely to the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe; and in the fourth act we are witnesses to the degradation of this knight upon the same imputation of cowardice. There is scarcely enough in the chroniclers to have warranted the poet in making this charge against Fastolfe so prominent. The account of Holinshed, which we subjoin, is nearly a transcript from Hall:—'From this battle departed, without any strokes stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same year for his valiantness elected into the Order of the Garter; for which cause the Duke of Bedford took from him the image of St. George, and his garter, though afterward, by mean of friends and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered, against the mind of the Lord Talbot.' It is highly probable that Fastolfe, of whose private character we have an intimate knowledge from those most curious records of social life in the days of Henry VI., the *Paston Letters*, was a commander whose discretion was habitually opposed to the fiery temperament of Talbot; and that, Talbot being the especial favourite of his soldiers, the memory of Fastolfe was handed down to Shakspere's day as that of one who had contributed to lose France by his timidity, he dying in prosperity and ease in England, whilst the great Talbot perished in the field, leaving in the popular mouth the sentiment which Fuller has preserved, 'Henceforward we may say good night to the English in France.'

"The Bastard of Orleans, who appears in this act, gave the first serious blow to the power of the English in France at the battle of Montargis.

"The scene in the Temple gardens is of purely dramatic creation. It is introduced, we think, with singular judgment, with reference to the purpose of connecting the First Part of *Henry VI.* with the Second and Third Parts. The scene of the death of Mortimer is introduced with the same object. Edmund Mortimer did not die in confinement, nor was he an old man at the time of his death; but the accounts of the chroniclers are so confused that the poet has not committed any violation of historical truth, such as it presented itself to him, in dramatizing the following passage of Hall (the third year of Henry VI.):—'During which season Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March of that name (which long time had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame), deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet, son and heir to Richard Earl of Cambridge, beheaded, as you have heard before, at the town of Southampton. Which Richard, within less than thirty years, as heir to this Earl Edmund, in open parliament claimed the crown and sceptre of this realm.'"

ACT III.—"It is here that Henry is first introduced on the scene. The poet has represented him as very young:—

'What, shall a child instruct you what to do?'

He was, in truth, only in his fifth year when the contest between Gloster and Beaufort was solemnly arbitrated before the parliament at Leicester. But the poor child was made to go through the ceremonies of royalty even before this. Hall, writing of the third year of his reign, says, 'About Easter, this year, the king called his high court of parliament at his town of Westminster: and coming to the parliament-house, he was conveyed through the city upon a great courser with great triumph: which child was judged of all men not only to have the very image, the lively portraiture, and lovely countenance of his noble parent and famous father, but also like to succeed and be his heir in all moral virtues, martial policies, and princely feats.'

"At the parliament of Leicester Bedford presided, and 'openly rebuked the lords in general because that they, in the time of war, through their privy malice and inward grudge, had almost moved the people to war and commotion.' This rebuke the poet has put into the mouth of Henry:—

> 'Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
> Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
> That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.'

The creation of Richard Plantagenet as Duke of York has been dramatically introduced by the poet into the same scene. The honours bestowed upon Plantagenet immediately followed the hollow reconciliation between Gloster and Beaufort.

"The second scene brings us again to France. The stratagem by which Joan of Arc is here represented to have taken Rouen is found in Holinshed, as a narrative of the mode in which Évreux was taken in 1442. The scene of Bedford dying in the field is purely imaginary. The chronicler simply records his death in 1435, and that his 'body was with all funeral solemnity buried in the cathedral church of our lady in Rone, on the north side of the high altar, under a sumptuous and costly monument.'

"The defection of the Duke of Burgundy from the English cause did not take place till 1434, and it was in that year that he wrote the letter to Henry to which Gloster alludes in the first scene of the fourth act. The English chroniclers are totally silent as to any influence exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by Joan of Arc, in the separation of Burgundy from the interests of England. The actual event, of course, took place after John's death; yet it is most remarkable that the spirited dialogue between La Pucelle and Burgundy, in this act, is wholly borne out by the circumstance that the Maid, on the very day of the coronation of Charles at Rheims, in 1429, addressed a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, in which she uses arguments not at all unlike those of this scene of the play. The letter is published by Barante (*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, tom. iv. page 259). The original is in the archives of Lille; and Barante says it was first published in 1780. We can scarcely avoid thinking that the author of this play had access to some French chronicler, by whom the substance of the letter was given. We transcribe the original from Ba-

rante; for the characteristic simplicity of the style would be lost in a translation:—

"'Jhesus Maria.

"'Haut et redouté prince, duc de Bourgogne, Jehanne la Pucelle vous requiert, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier souverain seigneur, que le roi de France et vous fassiez bonne paix, ferme, qui dure longuement. Pardonnez l'un à l'autre de bon cœur, entièrement, ainsi que doivent faire loyaux chrétiens; et s'il vous plaît guerroyer, allez sur le Sarrasin. Prince de Bourgogne, je vous prie, supplie, et requiers tant humblement que je vous puis requérir, que ne guerroyiez plus au saint royaume de France, et faites retraire incontinent et brièvement vos gens qui sont en aucunes places et forteresses dudit royaume. De la part du gentil roi de France, il est prêt de faire paix avec vous, sauf son honneur; et il ne tient qu' à vous. Et je vous fais savoir, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur, pour votre bien et pour votre honneur, que vous ne gagnerez point de bataille contre les loyaux Français; et que tous ceux qui guerroyent audit saint royaume de France guerroyent contre le roi Jhesus, roi du ciel et de tout le monde, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur. Et vous prie et vous requiers à jointes mains que ne fassiez nulle bataille, ni ne guerroyiez contre nous, vous, vos gens, et vos sujets. Croyez sûrement, quelque nombre de gens que vous ameniez contre nous, qu'ils n'y gagneront mie; et sera grand pitié de la grand bataille et du sang qui sera répandu de ceux qui y viendront contre nous. Il y a trois semaines que je vous ai écrit et envoyez de bonnes lettres par un héraut pour que vous fussiez au sacre du roi qui, aujourd'hui dimanche, dix-septième jour de ce présent mois de juillet, se fait en la cité de Reims. Je n'en ai pas eu réponse, ni onc depuis n'a ouï nouvelles du héraut. A Dieu vous recommande et soit garde de vous, s'il lui plaît, et prie Dieu qu' il y mette bonne paix. Ecrit audit lieu de Reims, le 17 juillet.'"

Act IV.—"The coronation of Henry VI. in Paris took place as early as 1431. In the scene of the play where this event is represented, Talbot receives a commission to proceed against Burgundy; and the remainder of the fourth act is occupied with the events of the campaign in which Talbot fell. Twenty years, or more, are leaped over by the poet, for the purpose of showing, amidst the disasters of our countrymen in France, the heroism by which the struggle for empire was so long maintained. We have already alluded to the detailed narrative which Hall gives of Talbot's death, and the brief notice of Holinshed. The account of the elder historian is very graphic, and no doubt furnished the materials for the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of this act:—

"'This conflict continued in doubtful judgement of victory two long hours; during which fight the lords of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great company of Frenchmen, entered the battle, and began a new field; and suddenly the gunners, perceiving the Englishmen to approach near, discharged their ordinance, and slew three hundred persons near to the earl, who, perceiving the imminent jeopardy and subtile labyrinth in the which he and his people were enclosed and illaqueate,

despising his own safeguard, and desiring the life of his entirely and well beloved son the Lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counselled him to depart out of the field, and to save himself. But when the son had answered that it was neither honest nor natural for him to leave his father in the extreme jeopardy of his life, and that he would taste of that draught which his father and parent should assay and begin, the noble earl and comfortable captain said to him, Oh, son, son! I, thy father, which only hath been the terror and scourge of the French people so many years,—which hath subverted so many towns, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battle and martial conflict,—neither can here die, for the honour of my country, without great laud and perpetual fame, nor fly or depart without perpetual shame and continual infamy. But because this is thy first journey and enterprise, neither thy flying shall redound to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth as a temerarious person foolishly abideth, therefore the fleeing of me shall be the dishonor, not only of me and my progeny, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy life, and make thee able another time, if I be slain, to revenge my death, and to do honor to thy prince and profit to his realm. But nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life, nor thought of security, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father; who, considering the constancy of his child, and the great danger that they stood in, comforted his soldiers, cheered his captains, and valiantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies, having a great company of men, and more abundance of ordinance than before had been seen in a battle, first shot him through the thigh with a hand-gun, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lying on the ground, whom they never durst look in the face while he stood on his feet: and with him there died manfully his son the Lord Lisle, his bastard son Henry Talbot, and Sir Edward Hull, elect to the noble Order of the Garter, and thirty valiant personages of the English nation; and the Lord Molyns was there taken prisoner with sixty other. The residue of the English people fled to Burdeaux and other places; whereof in the flight were slain above a thousand persons. At this battle of Chastillon, fought the 13th day of July, in this year, ended his life, John Lord Talbot, and of his progeny the first Earl of Shrewsbury, after that he with much fame, more glory, and most victory, had for his prince and country, by the space of twenty-four years and more, valiantly made war and served the king in the parts beyond the sea, whose corps was left on the ground, and after was found by his friends, and conveyed to Whitchurch in Shropshire, where it is intumulate.'"

ACT V.—"The circumstances which attended the capture of Joan of Arc are differently told by the French chroniclers. They all agree, however, that the event happened at Compiègne. The narrative which we find in the first edition of Holinshed is almost entirely taken from that of Hall. In the second edition we have an abstract of the details of the *Chroniques de Bretagne*. The poet has departed from the literal exactness of all the accounts. We give the passage from Holinshed:—

"'After this the Duke of Bourgoyne, accompanied with the Earls of Arundel and Suffolk, and the Lord John of Lutzenburg, besieged the town of Compeigne with a great puissance. This town was well walled, manned, and victualled, so that the besiegers were constrained to cast trenches, and make mines, for otherwise they saw not how to compass their purpose. In the mean time it happened, in the night of the Ascension of our Lord (A. 1430), that Poyton de Saintreyles, Joan la Pucelle, and five or six hundred men of arms, issued out by the bridge toward Mondedier, intending to set fire in the tents and lodgings of the Lord Bawdo de Noyelle. At the same very time, Sir John de Lutzenburg, with eight other gentlemen, chanced to be near unto the lodgings of the said Lord Bawdo, where they espied the Frenchmen, which began to cut down tents, overthrow pavilions, and kill men in their beds; whereupon they with all speed assembled a great number of men, as well English as Burgoynions, and courageously set on the Frenchmen, and in the end beat them back into the town, so that they fled so fast that one letted another, as they would have entered. In the chase and pursuit was the Pucelle taken with divers other, besides those that were slain, which were no small number.'

"The mode in which the author of this play has chosen to delineate the character of Joan of Arc, in the last act, has been held to be a proof that Shakspere was not the author; but, however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditionary opinions of the English nation. Upon her first appearance at Orleans she was denounced by Bedford in his letter to the king of France as 'a devilish witch and satanical enchantress.' After the cruel revenge which the English took upon their captive, a letter was written in the name of Henry to the Duke of Burgundy, setting forth and defending the proceedings which had taken place at Rouen. The conclusion of this letter marks the spirit of the age; and Hall, writing more than a century afterwards, affirms that the letter is quite sufficient evidence that Joan was an organ of the devil: 'And because she still was obstinate in her trespasses and villainous offences,' says the letter of Henry, 'she was delivered to the secular power, the which condemned her to be burnt and consumed her in the fire. And when she saw that the fatal day of her obstinacy was come, she openly confessed that the spirits which to her often did appear were evil and false, and apparent liars; and that their promise which they had made to deliver her out of captivity was false and untrue, affirming herself by those spirits to be often beguiled, blinded, and mocked. And so, being in good mind, she was by the justices carried to the old market within the city of Roan, and there by the fire consumed to ashes in the sight of all the people.' The confession in the fourth scene, which is so revolting to us, is built upon an assertion which the dramatist found in Holinshed. Taken altogether, the character of Joan of Arc, as represented in this play, appears to us to be founded upon juster views than those of the chronicles; and the poet, without any didactic expression of his opinion, has dramat-

ically made us feel that the conduct of her persecutors was atrocious. That in a popular play, written two hundred and fifty years ago, we should find those tolerant, and therefore profound, views of the character of such an enthusiast as Joan of Arc by which she is estimated in our own day, was hardly to be expected. From her own countrymen Joan of Arc had an equally scanty measure of justice. Monstrelet, the French chronicler, does not hesitate to affirm that the whole affair was a got-up imposture. The same views prevailed in France in the next century; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that Voltaire converted the story of the Maid into a vehicle for the most profligate ribaldry. Long after France had erected monuments to Joan of Arc her memory was ridiculed by those who claimed to be in advance of public opinion.

"The narrative of the wooing of Margaret of Anjou by Suffolk is thus given by Holinshed:—

"'In the treating of this truce, the Earl of Suffolk, extending his commission to the uttermost, without the assent of his associates, imagined in his fantasy that the next way to come to a perfect peace was to move some marriage between the French king's kinswoman, the Lady Margaret, daughter to Regner Duke of Anjou, and his sovereign lord King Henry. This Regner Duke of Anjou named himself King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, having only the name and style of those realms, without any penny profit or foot of possession. This marriage was made strange to the earl at first, and one thing seemed to be a great hindrance to it, which was, because the King of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou, and the whole county of Maine, appertaining (as was alleged) to King Regner. The Earl of Suffolk (I cannot say) either corrupted with bribes, or too much affection to this unprofitable marriage, condescended and agreed that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine should be delivered to the king, the bride's father, demanding for her marriage neither penny nor farthing, as who would say that this new affinity passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stone. . . But although this marriage pleased the king and others of his counsel, yet Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, protector of the realm, was much against it, alleging that it should be both contrary to the laws of God and dishonourable to the prince if he should break that promise and contract of marriage made by ambassadors, sufficiently thereto instructed, with the daughter of the Earl of Arminack, upon conditions, both to him and his realm, as much profitable as honourable. But the duke's words could not be heard, for the earl's doings were only liked and allowed. . . . The Earl of Suffolk was made Marquis of Suffolk, which marquis, with his wife and many honourable personages of men and women, sailed into France for the conveyance of the nominated queen into the realm of England. For King Regner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king her spouse.'

"In the fourth scene we find

'That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France.'

By this was probably intended the truce of 1444, which lasted till 1449.

It was in that year that Charles VII. poured his troops into Normandy, and that Rouen, 'that rich city,' as Holinshed calls it,—the scene of the English glory and the English shame,—was delivered to the French."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Dead March*, etc. "This is the stage-direction of the old editions, showing that the design was to represent a funeral procession entering the abbey, where, when the procession halted, the dialogue begins. It has been altered, without any obvious reason, in all the modern editions (until Collier's), thus: 'Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered lying in state, attended by the Dukes of Bedford, Gloster,' etc. But this seems much less appropriate than the original stage-direction to the dialogue, when 'this funeral' is spoken of, and the going 'to the altar,' etc. Besides, the old direction belongs to the history of the English stage when its humble accessories of scenery, etc., did not easily permit those displays now produced by the rising of the curtain on the opening of a scene, *discovering* some *spectacle*. Thus, for example, in *Lear*, instead of, as now, the *King*, etc., being *discovered* on his throne, we have in the old copies, 'Enter King Lear, Cornwall, etc.' Whatever alterations may be allowable in actual representation, the author's original intention should be preserved in the printed copy" (V.).

Earl of Warwick. "The author has carelessly brought on his scene two distinct historical personages bearing the same title, and in the same play, without distinguishing between them by some explanation. The present is the Earl of Warwick, Richard Beauchamp, who appears in *Henry V.* The 'Warwick' of the latter part of this play, and so conspicuous in the second and third parts, is the much more popular Richard Nevil, the magnificent and turbulent 'setter-up and puller-down of kings,' who became Earl of Warwick in right of his wife in 1449, twenty-seven years after the date of this opening scene. The distinction between the two personages is so marked in the books with which the author is familiar, that Ritson (who first pointed out the confusion of the two Warwicks) seems quite correct in attributing the circumstance to mere oversight" (V.).

1. *Hung be the heavens with black*. Alluding to the practice, in the poet's time, of hanging the upper part of the stage (technically known as the *heavens*) with black when a tragedy was enacted. Steevens quotes Sidney, *Arcadia:* "There arose, even with the sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a tragedie to be played on."

3. *Crystal*. Changed by Hanmer to "crisped." Warb. conjectured "cristed" or "crested." Steevens, however, quotes Lord Sterline, *Sonnet:* "those chrystal comets;" also an old song: "Yon chrystal planets shine all clear," etc.

5. *Consented unto.* Conspired for. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 297: "Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?" (that is, plan it together).

6. *King.* Omitted by Pope and H.

10. *His* (*beams*). "Its" (Pope's reading); as often.

16. *Lift.* This old form of the past tense is not found elsewhere in S.; but it occurs several times in the A. V. Cf. *Gen.* vii. 17, xiv. 22, and *Ps.* xciii. 3.

27. *By magic verses.* Referring to the old notion "that life might be taken away by metrical charms" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Scot, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen . . . will not sticke to affirme that they can rime either man or beast to death."

30. *His sight.* The sight of him. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 54:

> "upon their sight
> We two in great amazedness will fly," etc.

See also on i. 2. 108 below.

49. *Moist.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "moistned."

50. *Marish.* Marsh. The folios have "Nourish;" corrected by Pope. Steevens shows that *nourish* was sometimes =nurse; as in Lydgate:

> "Athenes whan it was in his floures
> Was called nourish of philosophers wise."

Spenser has "nourice" =nurse; but the word seems out of place here. K. and W. retain it. Ritson quotes Kyd, *Spanish Tragedy*: "Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears;" and D. adds Smith, *Hector of Germanie*, 1615:

> "Ere long Ile set them free, or make the soyle
> That holds them prisoners, a Marsh-ground for blood."

56. *Or bright—.* The blank is generally supposed to be owing to the inability of the compositor to make out the name in the MS.; and the editors have made sundry guesses at the missing word. Pope conjectured "Francis Drake;" Theo., "Cassiopeia;" Johnson, "Berenice" (which has been adopted by H. and others); Capell, "Alexander;" Mitford, "Orion," etc. The Coll. MS. has "Cassiopé." Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, the speech is meant to be interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.

60. *Rheims.* The folios have "Rheimes," and the word may have been intended as a dissyllable. Pope reads "Champagne and Rheims and Orleans." Capell has "Rheims, Roan" (that is, Rouen). The folios have "Roan" in 65 below and elsewhere. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 167.

76. *A third.* The 2d folio has "A third man."

83. *Their flowing tides.* The folios have "her" for *their;* corrected by Theo. Malone takes "her" to be =England's; and he may be right.

88. *Intermissive.* Intermitted; "which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming among them" (Warb.).

92. *Dauphin.* The folios have "Dolphin," as regularly; and W. retains that form. In i. 4. 107 below there is a play on *Dauphin* and *dolphin.*

94. *Reignier.* "Reynold" in the folios.

109. *Circumstance.* The singular and the plural were used indiscriminately where now we use only the latter. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 181, etc.

116. *He wanted pikes*, etc. See on iii. 1. 102 below.

124. *Flew.* The folios have "slew;" corrected by Rowe.

126. *Aguz'd on.* Aghast at. See Wb. on *agaze* and *aghast.*

131. *Fastolfe.* The folios have "Falstaffe" or "Falstaff;" corrected by Theo. He was "a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter."

132. *Vaward.* Vanguard. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 178. Hanmer reads "rereward." The meaning seems to be that he was usually in the van, but at this time was stationed in the rear; or, perhaps, that he was "at the head of his own division, which was behind the main body of the army" (Clarke).

149. *Hale.* Haul, drag. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 137.

156. *Make all Europe quake.* "To say nothing of *make* and *quake* in this line, the whole speech is fustian and rant much more worthy of the 'Ercles' vein' of dramatists than Shakespeare" (Clarke).

159. *Supply.* That is, supplies of troops, reinforcements; as in *K. John*, v. 3. 9, v. 5. 12, etc.

176. *Steal.* The folios have "send;" corrected by Sr. (the conjecture of Mason).

SCENE II.—1. *Mars his.* Cf. iii. 2. 123 below: "Charles his gleeks," etc. Gr. 217. See also *T. and C.* p. 179.

There is an allusion to the ancient difficulty in explaining the irregularities in the motion of Mars due to the eccentricity of his orbit. Steevens quotes one of Nash's prefaces: "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to." Kepler's work on the motions of Mars was not published until 1609.

7. *Otherwhiles.* At other times; not found elsewhere in S.

14. *Wont.* Were wont; the past tense of the obsolete *won* or *wone* (=dwell). Cf. i. 4. 10 below. See also *C. of E.* p. 140.

19. *Forlorn.* Apparently referring to their former bad fortune. The Coll. MS. has "forborne." For the accent, see *T. G. of V.* p. 125.

30. *Olivers and Rowlands.* Alluding to the two most famous of Charlemagne's twelve peers (Warb.). Cf. the proverbial expression "a Rowland for an Oliver."

33. *Goliases.* That is, Goliahs or Goliaths. Cf. *M. W.* v. 1 23. Hanmer reads "Goliahs now."

41. *Gimmers.* The 1st folio has "gimmors," the 2d "gimmalls." These are only different forms of the same name, which was applied to any curious mechanism or contrivance. See Wb. Some would connect it with *gimcrack.*

48. *Cheer.* Countenance. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 152.

56. *Nine sibyls.* Warb. thought that the poet confounded the nine Sibylline books with the Sibyls; but the number of the latter was variously given as three, four, seven, etc.

59. *Unfallible.* Changed by Rowe to "infallible;" but cf. *uncertain* and *incertain*, *unfortunate* and *infortunate*, *ungrateful* and *ingrateful*, etc. Gr. 442.

72. *A shepherd's daughter.* This is inconsistent with v. 4. 9 below, where she denies that she is the shepherd's daughter.

83. *Complete.* Accented on the first syllable because preceding a noun so accented. See *M. for M.* p. 139, or *L. L. L.* p. 131. Cf. *forlorn* in 19 above.

84. *Swart.* Swarthy, dark. Cf. *K. John*, p. 152.

86. *You see.* The reading of 2d folio; the 1st has "you may see."

91. *Resolve on this.* Be sure of this.

95. *Buckle with me.* Contend with me. Cf. iv. 4. 5 and v. 3. 28 below. See also 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 50.

99. *Five.* The folios have "fine;" corrected by Steevens (from Holinshed).

105. *Deborah.* See *Judges*, chap. iv.

108. *Thy desire.* Desire for thee. Cf. i. 1. 30 above.

117. *Thrall.* Bondman, slave; as in ii. 3. 36 below. See *Macb.* p. 225.

121. *Mean.* Moderation. There is a play upon the word in the reply.

131. *Expect Saint Martin's summer.* "That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun" (Johnson). St. Martin's day is November 11th.

133–135. *Glory is like*, etc. "The simile and poetical image in these three lines are more like Shakespeare's manner than any thing in the whole play; but it is worthy of observation that the passage included within the five lines has a remarkable air of irrelevancy, as if it were introduced by some other hand than the one that wrote the main portion of the scene" (Clarke).

138. *That proud insulting ship*, etc. The story is found in North's *Plutarch*.

140. *Mahomet inspired with a dove.* Dr. Grey quotes Raleigh's *Hist. of the World*, where we are told that Mahomet had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice."

143. *Saint Philip's daughters.* "The four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts" (Hanmer). See *Acts*, xxi. 9.

145. *Reverently.* Changed by Capell to "ever." The Coll. MS. has "reverent."

148. *Orleans.* "Orleance" in the folios; changed by Capell to "hence."

SCENE III.—2. *Conveyance.* Dishonesty. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 160: "sly conveyance," etc.

13. *Break up.* Dr. Grey conjectured "break ope;" but *break up* is elsewhere = break open. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 22: "And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves." See also *M. of V.* p. 141.

Warrantize. Surety. Cf. *Sonn.* 150. 7: "such strength and warrantize of skill." In *Ham.* v. 1. 250, the 1st folio has "warrantize," the other early eds. "warranty."

20. *Commandement.* The spelling of the first three folios. The word is here a quadrisyllable. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 160, note on *Be valued against.*

29. *Humphrey.* The first folio has "Umphier," which the second turns into "Umpire;" corrected by Theo.

30. *Peel'd.* That is, shaven. The folios have "Piel'd," and some read "Pill'd," for which see *M. of V.* p. 135.

31. *Proditor.* Traitor, betrayer (Latin); here used for the jingle with *protector.*

35. *Indulgences to sin.* The public stews were formerly under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester (Pope). Cf. *T. and C.* p. 216, note on *Goose of Winchester.*

36. *Canvass.* The word meant sometimes "toss in a blanket;" and that is the sense in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 243:

"*Falstaff.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.
Doll. Do, an thou darest for thy heart; an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets."

The verb occurs nowhere else in S. According to the *Edin. Rev.* for Oct. 1872, *canvass* was a name for a net used to snare wild hawks; and hence the verb came to mean to entrap, ensnare, catch in a net. The writer thinks that to be the meaning here, and that it was suggested by the netlike meshes of the strings attached to the cardinal's hat.

39. *Damascus.* It was an ancient belief that Damascus was near the spot where Cain killed Abel. Sir John Mandeville refers to the legend in his *Travels.*

42. *Bearing-cloth.* The cloth or mantle with which the child was covered when carried to church to be baptized. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 119: "look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child!"

47. *Blue coats to tawny coats.* Blue was the common colour for the livery of servingmen. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 93: "their blue coats brushed," etc. On the other hand, *tawny coats* were the distinctive garb of the attendants on ecclesiastical dignitaries.

53. *Winchester goose.* A cant term for one form of a disease liable to be contracted in the places referred to in the note on 35 above. See the reference there to *T. and C.*

A rope! a rope! A cry often taught to parrots, in order to turn a joke against the passer-by. See *C. of E.* p. 141, note on *Like the parrot.*

56. *Scarlet hypocrite!* So Surrey calls Wolsey "thou scarlet sin!" in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 255.

61. *Distrain'd.* Seized, taken possession of. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 131: "My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold."

62. *Gloster.* The 2d folio has "Gloster too." Here, as in several other lines, *Gloster* seems to be a trisyllable, as if *Gloucester.* Cf. 4 and 6 above. There is so much of this lengthening out of words in this play, that all these are probably instances of the kind. Many of the modern eds. print "Gloucester" throughout in place of the *Gloster* of the folios;

but of course the pronunciation is *Gloster* all the same—unless in the exceptional instances under consideration.

63. *Still.* Continually; as often. Cf. ii. 4. 104 below. Gr. 69.

70. *Rests.* Remains, is left; as in ii. 1. 75 below.

72. *As e'er thou canst.* The folio has "canst, cry;" but the "cry" is probably a stage-direction that has crept into the text. The Coll. MS. has "as thou canst cry." The Camb. ed. makes a separate line of "Cry."

80. *Break.* Broach; changed by Pope to "tell."

81. *Cost.* The 2d folio has "deare cost."

83. *Call for clubs.* "This was the outcry for assistance, on any riot or quarrel in the streets" (Whalley). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 204.

87. *Ere long.* The 3d folio reads "ere be long," and the Coll. MS. "off ere long."

89. *Stomachs.* Angry tempers; as in iv. 1. 141 below. Cf. also 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 55: "The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords." Rowe needlessly changes *these* to "that," which was often thus "understood."

90. *Year.* See *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *A thousand pound.*

SCENE IV.—10. *Wont.* Are accustomed. See on i. 2. 14 above. Here the folios have "Went;" corrected by Steevens, at the suggestion of Tyrwhitt. Hanmer has "Watch."

16–18. *And even . . . no longer.* The 1st folio puts *Now do thou watch* in 17. The 2d has:

> "And fully even these three dayes have I watcht,
> If I could see them. Now Boy doe thou watch,
> For I can stay no longer."

Coll. and H. join *If I* to 16.

23. *On the turrets.* The old stage-direction, changed by Malone and others to "*in an upper chamber of a tower.*"

27. *Duke.* The folios have "Earle;" corrected by Theo.

33. *Vile-esteem'd.* The folios have "pil'd esteem'd;" corrected by Pope and Malone. Capell has "pill'd esteem'd."

43. *Affrights our children so.* Clarke remarks that this use of *so* is "utterly un-Shakespearian."

47. *Grisly.* Grim, terrible; as in *R. of L.* 926: "grisly care;" *M. N. D.* v. 1. 140: "This grisly beast," etc.

53. *Shot.* Shooters, marksmen; as in *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 59: "a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot," etc.

64. *Opinions.* A quadrisyllable. Gr. 479. Cf. *gracious* in 85 below.

69. *Enfeebled.* Also a quadrisyllable; like *resembleth* in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 84. See also *juggling* in v. 4. 68 below. Gr. 477.

95. *Like thee, Nero.* The 1st folio omits *Nero;* the 2d has "Nero like will." Pope reads "Nero-like." The text is Malone's.

99. *The noise.* Pope reads "this noise."

103. *Power.* Force, army; as often, both in the singular and in the plural. Cf. ii. 2. 33, iii. 3. 30, 83, iv. 3. 4, and v. 2. 5 below.

105. *Irks.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 22: "And yet it irks me," etc.
107. *Puzzel.* Drab, hussy. For *dolphin*, see on i. 1. 92 above.
111. *And then we 'll try.* Steevens conjectures "Then try we," and Walker "And then try."

SCENE V.—5. *Devil's dam.* Cf. *T. of S.* p. 152.
6. *Blood will I draw*, etc. "The superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood was free from her power" (Johnson).
16. *Hunger-starved.* Starved with hunger; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 5. The folios have "hungry-starved;" corrected by Rowe. For the original meaning of *starved*, see *M. of V.* p. 158.
21. *Like Hannibal.* Alluding to "Hannibal's stratagem to escape by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded in Livy, xxii. 16" (Holt White).
30. *Timorous.* The folios have "trecherous" or "treacherous;" corrected by Pope.

SCENE VI.—1. *Advance.* Lift up; as often. See *Cor.* p. 210.
4. *Astræa's daughter.* For the allusion to the goddess of justice, cf. *T. A.* iv. 3. 4: "Terras Astræa reliquit."
6. *Adonis' gardens.* Cf. Milton, *P. L.* ix. 440:

> "Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
> Or of reviv'd Adonis or renown'd
> Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;"

and Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 6. 39:

> "Great enimy to it, and to all the rest
> That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
> Is wicked Tyme," etc.

Pliny, in his *Nat. Hist.* xix. 4, also refers to the gardens of Adonis and Alcinous. The *gardens of Adonis* mentioned by the earlier classical writers were nothing but pots of earth planted with fennel and lettuce, which were borne by women on the feast of Adonis in memory of the lettuce bed in which he was laid by Venus.
11. *The bells.* The folios add "aloud," which was probably an accidental insertion; corrected by Pope.
16. *Play'd the men.* Played the part of men. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 11: "Play the men." See also 2 *Sam.* x. 12.
21. *Pyramis.* The Latin form of *pyramid.* Cf. the plural *pyramides* in *A. and C.* v. 2. 61. For *pyramises*, see *A. and C.* p. 190.
22. *Rhodope's of Memphis.* The folios have "or" for *of;* corrected by D. (the conjecture of Capell). Rhodope was a famous courtesan of Greece who was said to have built a pyramid near Memphis with a part of the fortune she had acquired. According to Ælian, she afterwards married Psammetichus, King of Egypt.
25. *Coffer of Darius.* This is referred to by Plutarch, in his Life of Alexander. Malone quotes Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589: "the rich jewel coffer of Darius." Steevens was at first inclined to read "jewel-coffer" in the text.

28. *Saint Denis.* The patron saint of France. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 193, 220, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 87, etc. See also iii. 2. 18 below.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—3. *Apparent.* Manifest, evident; as in iv. 2. 26 and iv. 5. 44 below.

4. *Court of guard.* The guard-room, or the court adjoining it. Cf. *Oth.* p. 175.

8. *Burgundy.* The Duke of Burgundy, surnamed "Philip the Good." He became an ally of England in consequence of the treacherous murder of his father by the Dauphin at Montereau; and the alliance was strengthened by Bedford's marriage with Philip's sister in 1423.

11. *Secure.* Careless, unsuspicious (Latin *securus*). See *Ham.* p. 196. Cf. *Judges*, xviii. 7.

14. *Quittance.* Requite. Cf. the noun in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 34, etc.

25. *Practise.* Plot. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 140. See also on iii. 2. 20 below.

29. *All together.* The folios have "altogether;" corrected by Rowe.

39. *Unready.* "Undressed" (Johnson); as in the preceding stage-direction. See *Macb.* p. 202 (note on 115), or *Cymb.* p. 183 (on *Is she ready?*).

68. *Her quarter.* That is, Joan's.

75. *Rests.* Remains; as in i. 3. 70 above.

77. *Platforms.* Plans, schemes.

80. *Loaden.* Used by S. interchangeably with *laden.* Cf. *Cor.* p. 270.

SCENE II.—19. *Muse.* Wonder. See *K. John*, p. 158, or *Macb.* p. 219.

41. *Lies.* Dwells; as in iii. 2. 129 below. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185.

48. *Ne'er trust me then.* Hanmer reads "Nay, trust me there."

SCENE III.—6. *Tomyris.* The queen of the Massagetæ, who, after her husband's death, marched against Cyrus, routed his army, and slew him with her own hand.

10. *Censure.* Judgment, opinion; as often. See *Ham.* p. 190. Cf. the verb in v. 5. 97 below.

20. *Aspect.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S.

23. *Writhled.* Wrinkled. Steevens quotes Spenser: "Her writhled skin, as rough as maple rind;" and Marston, *Sat.* iv.: "Cold, writhled eld," etc.

27. *Sort.* Select. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 2. 34: "To help me sort such needful ornaments," etc.

35. *Train'd.* Lured, enticed; as in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45: "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note," etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 198.

36. *Thrall.* See on i. 2. 117 above.

42. *Captivate.* Made captive; as in v. 3. 107 below. For the form, see Gr. 342.

45. *Fond.* Foolish; as very often. See *M. N. D.* p. 163.

57. *Merchant.* For the contemptuous use, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 153: "What saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?" and see our ed. p. 175.

68. *Bruited.* Noised abroad. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 150.

79. *Cates.* Dainties. Cf. the play on the word in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 190: "For dainties are all Kates."

SCENE IV.—3. *The Temple Hall.* For a description of this fine old hall, still one of the "lions" of London, see *T. N.* p. 27.

Richard Plantagenet was son to the Earl of Cambridge who is detected in the plot against Henry in *Hen. V.* ii. 2; and nephew to the Duke of York, whose death is described in the same play, iv. 6. As his uncle had no son, he was his heir; and he was afterwards restored by Henry VI. to the rights and titles forfeited by his father, and made Duke of York.

6. *Or else.* Or in other words. Capell changes *error* to "right" (the conjecture of Johnson).

12. *Mouth.* Cry, bark; as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 128: "match'd in mouth like bells," etc.

14. *Bear him.* Carry himself.

16. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic (=*sprite*), as often. Gr. 463.

17. *Quillets.* Subtleties, fine distinctions. See *Ham.* p. 262.

26. *Dumb significants.* Mute tokens or indications. Armado calls a letter a *significant* in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 131.

32. *Party.* Part, side; as in 123 below. Cf. *K. John*, p. 133.

34. *Colours.* There is a play upon the word in the sense of pretences; as in *R. of L.* 476:

> "But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
> Under what colour he commits this ill.
>
> Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
> That even for anger makes the lily pale,'" etc.

42. *Yield the other in the right*, etc. Admit that the other is in the right, etc.

43. *Well objected.* "Properly thrown in our way, well proposed" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Goulard, *Admirable Histories*, 1607: "I objected many and sundry questions unto him."

44. *Subscribe.* Submit, yield. Cf. *Lear*, p. 178.

65. *But anger*, etc. "But for anger—anger produced by this circumstance, namely, that *thy* cheeks blush, etc." (Malone).

68. *Canker.* Canker-worm. See *M. N. D.* p. 150.

76. *Faction.* The folios have "fashion;" corrected by Theo. Pope reads "passion." *Faction* is favoured by 109 below.

Peevish=silly, childishly wayward. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

83. *His grandfather was Lionel*, etc. As Malone points out, this is a mistake. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; and his maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the son of Philippa the daughter of Lionel. The duke therefore was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

85. *Crestless yeomen.* "That is, those who have no right to arms" (Warb.).

86. *He bears him*, etc. He bears himself, or behaves, thus on account of the privileges of the place; apparently meaning that the Temple grounds had the "privilege of sanctuary." But, as Ritson notes, this was not the case. The Coll. MS. has "braves" for *bears*.

91. *Executed.* Pope reads "headed," for the sake of the metre. Steevens conjectures "execute."

93. *Exempt.* "Excluded" (Warb.). Cf. *C. of E.* p. 122.

96. *Attached.* Arrested; a legal term. See *R. and J.* p. 217, or *Rich. II.* p. 186.

100. *Partaker.* Part-taker, confederate. Steevens quotes Marlowe, *Lucan:* "Each side had great partakers;" and Sidney, *Arcadia:* "his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his partakers, than the bloud of his enemies." See also *Ps.* l. 18.

102. *Apprehension.* "Opinion" (Warb.) or estimate of me. Some make it = "sarcasm, insulting conception;" and they quote *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 68: "how long have you professed apprehension?" but there it is simply = wit, as the answer shows. Theo. changes it to "reprehension" in the present passage.

104. *Still.* Ever. See on i. 3. 63 above. Cf. also 130 below.

108. *Cognizance.* In the heraldic sense of badge.

132. *Gentle sir.* The 1st folio omits *sir*, which the 2d supplies.

SCENE V.—*Enter* MORTIMER. The commentators have called attention to the fact that Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died in his own castle in Ireland in 1424; but the accounts in the chronicles are at variance on the subject, and the dramatist seems to have been misled by them. Mortimer's uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to escape in order to stir up insurrection in Wales.

3. *Haled.* See on i. 1. 149 above.

5. *Pursuivants.* Heralds. See *Rich. III.* p. 212.

6. *Nestor-like aged*, etc. "Made as old as Nestor by my age of care" (Clarke). The Coll. MS. changes *an age* to "a cage."

9. *Exigent.* Extremity, end. Steevens quotes *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600: "Hath driven her to some desperate exigent."

11. *Pithless.* Without strength. Cf. the use of *pith* (=strength) in *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 21: "pith and puissance;" *Oth.* i. 3. 83: "seven years' pith," etc.

16. *Witting.* Knowing. We still use *to wit*, *wittingly*, etc.

29. *Umpire of men's miseries.* That is, one who puts an end to them, as an umpire terminates a dispute. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 1. 63:

> "'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
> Shall play the umpire," etc.

44. *Disease.* That is, dis-ease, or uneasiness. See *Macb.* p. 249, note on 21.

49. *Obloquy.* "Here used for the reproach Plantagenet receives, and for the ground of reproach in his father's death" (Clarke).

53. *Alliance sake.* See Gr. 471.

64. *Nephew.* Changed by Rowe to "cousin;" but *nephew*, like *cousin* (see *A. Y. L.* p. 147, or *Ham.* p. 179), seems to have been used with some looseness. For instance, in *Oth.* i. 1. 112 it is =grandchild. Malone believes that S. supposed Richard to be Henry's nephew.

74. *Mother.* There is a mistake here which has not been pointed out by any of the editors or commentators, though they have found fault with *nephew* just above. *Mother* here should be *father* or *grandmother*, to be true to history. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 47, where York, referring to Anne, the *sister* of Edmund Mortimer, says:

> "she was heir
> To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
> Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Phillipe,
> Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence."

This gives the true relationship of Edmund Mortimer the *younger*—the one speaking in the text—to Edmund Mortimer the *elder*. He was the *grandson* of his namesake, and got his title to the throne through his *father* Roger and his *grandmother* Philippa. The dramatist had in mind the fact that the title came through Philippa, and forgetting for the moment the intermediate link in the genealogical chain, wrote *mother* when he meant *grandmother*. Our attention was first called to the slip by Mr. Watson Gill, of Syracuse, N. Y.

75. *Third son.* He is sometimes spoken of as the *second* son of Edward, no note being taken of the real second son, William of Hatfield, who died in infancy. See 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 10 fol.

79. *Haughty.* High-spirited, adventurous; as in iii. 3. 78 and iv. 1. 35 below.

80. *Laboured.* Note the many instances in this play in which the final *-ed* of the past tense or participle is made a distinct syllable. This metrical peculiarity occurs far more frequently, we think, than in any of the undoubted plays of Shakespeare, even the earliest.

82. *Henry.* A trisyllable; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8. 36: "Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth?" Cf. Gr. 478.

88. *Levied an army.* "Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March" (Malone).

Weening=thinking; as in *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 136: "Ween you of better luck," etc.

96. *Thou art my heir*, etc. "I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw" (Heath).

113. *Be all.* Theo. reads "befall."

123. *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort.* "Stifled by the ambition of those whose right to the crown was inferior to his own" (Clarke).

129. *Ill.* The folios have "will;" corrected by Theo. *Advantage* =occasion.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—1. *Deep-premeditated.* The hyphen was inserted by D. (the conjecture of Walker).

Malone remarks: "This Parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age."

16. *As.* That. This use of *as* is not unusual after *so* and *such.* Cf. v. 4. 115 and v. 5. 42 below. Gr. 109.

24. *Beside.* Used in this play oftener than *besides.* Cf. iv. 1. 25, 143, v. 1. 15, v. 5. 46 below. *Besides* occurs in iii. 3. 60.

37. *Because.* Some say that the word is here ="in order that;" but this is unnecessary. The obvious meaning is: It is because (from their point of view) no one, etc. We still use the word familiarly in the same way.

42. *Bastard,* etc. He was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt by Katherine Swynferd, whom John afterwards married.

48. *Patronage.* Maintain, make good; again used as a verb in iii. 4. 32 below. The word occurs nowhere else in S.

49. *Reverent.* The 3d and 4th folios have "reverend."

51. *Roam thither then.* Elsewhere *Rome* seems to be pronounced *Room.* Cf. the quibbles in *K. John,* iii. 1. 180, and *J. C.* i. 2. 156, and the rhymes in *R. of L.* 715, 1644. See *J. C.* p. 132. Pope changes *Roam* to "Go."

Lines 51–55 are arranged as by Theo. The folios join 52 to Warwick's speech, and give 53–55 to Somerset.

78. *The bishop.* Hanmer (followed by H.) has "The bishop's," which is what is meant; but the possessive inflection was sometimes omitted in the first of a pair of words. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 30: "Until her husband and my lord's return;" *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 62: "Shall be your love and labour's recompense," etc. Gr. 397.

81. *Contrary.* Accented on the second syllable; as not unfrequently. See *Ham.* p. 227.

82. *Pate.* Pope reads "pates." These petty meddlesome "emendations" which are copied in many of the modern editions must be noted, lest the uncritical reader should take the correct text to be a misprint.

92. *Peevish.* See on ii. 4. 76 above.

93. *Unaccustom'd.* "Unseemly, indecent" (Johnson). It may, however, be simply =unusual, extraordinary, strange.

99. *Inkhorn mate.* "Bookman" (Johnson), or bookish fellow. For the contemptuous use of *mate,* cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 134: "You poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate!" etc.

105. *Shall pitch a field.* Before a battle it was customary for the archers and other footmen to encompass themselves with sharp stakes firmly *pitched,* or stuck, in the ground, to prevent their being overpowered by the cavalry. We have a reference to this in i. 1. 116 fol.

131. *A kindly gird.* An appropriate hit, a rebuke suited to his char-

acter and calling. For *gird*, cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 58: "I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio." See also the verb in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 7: "men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me." For *kindly*=natural, see *Much Ado*, p. 154. Some make *kindly gird*=gentle reproof.

142. *Kind.* Pope reads "gentle," and Capell "kind, kind." The Coll. MS. has "and kind."

156. *I told.* That is, *of which* I told.

168. *Humble service.* Pope changes *humble* to "faithful."

170. *Reguerdon.* Reward, recompense. Cf. the verb in iii. 4. 23 below.

194. *Breed.* "Propagate itself" (Johnson).

199. *Should lose.* The 1st folio omits *should*, which the 2d supplies. Some make *Windsor* a trisyllable.

SCENE II.—7. *And that.* For this use of *that*, see Gr. 285.

10. *Mean.* In Elizabethan English *means* and *mean* are used interchangeably. For the play on *sack*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 56.

13. *Qui est là?* The folios have "Che la." Rowe reads "Qui va là?" The text is Malone's.

14. *Paysans, pauvres.* The folios read "Peasauns la pouure;" corrected by Rowe.

20. *Practisants.* Confederates, fellow-plotters. For *practise*=plot, cf. ii. 1. 25 above. See also the noun in iv. 1. 7 below. Hanmer reads "partizans."

25. *To that.* Compared with that. See Gr. 187.

40. *That.* So that; as often. Gr. 283. For *pride*, Theo. reads "prize;" and Hanmer has "being prize." On *pride*, cf. iv. 6. 15 below, and *Henry V.* i. 2. 112.

44. *Darnel.* Steevens quotes Gerarde, *Herball:* "Darnel hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim, if it happen either in corne for breade, or drink;" and he adds: "Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem."

52. *All despite.* The Coll. MS. has "hell's despite."

57. *This.* Changed by Rowe to "his."

64. *Hecate.* Here trisyllablic, but elsewhere in S. a dissyllable. See *Macb.* p. 187.

68. *Muleters.* Changed by Rowe to "muleteers," but it is the only form in S. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 196.

83. *Cœur-de-lion's heart.* It was buried in the cathedral at Rouen, and is now in the Museum of that city.

95. *Pendragon.* The father of King Arthur. The story alluded to here is found in Harding's *Chronicle*.

122. *Familiar.* That is, familiar spirit, or demon.

123. *Charles his gleeks.* Charles's mocks or scoffs. For the form of the possessive, see on i. 2. 1 above; and for *gleeks*, cf. *R. and J.* p. 210.

124. *All amort.* "Quite dispirited; a frequent Gallicism" (Steevens). Cf. *T. of S.* p. 160.

126. *Take some order.* "Make some necessary dispositions" (Steevens). Cf. *Oth.* p. 206.

129. *Lie.* Changed by Pope to "lies." For the meaning of *lie*, see on ii. 2. 41 above.

SCENE III.—1. *Dismay not.* Be not dismayed.

3. *Corrosive.* Accented on the first syllable, like the noun in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 403. These are the only instances of the word in S.

10. *Diffidence.* Distrust; as in *K. John*, i. 1. 65: "And wound her honour with this diffidence," etc. The modern meaning is not found in S. *Cunning*=skill.

21. *Sweeting.* Cf. *Oth.* ii. 2. 252: "All 's well now, sweeting," etc.

24. *Extirped.* Extirpated. The word occurs again in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 110. *Extirpate* is found only in *Temp.* i. 2. 125.

25. *Expuls'd.* Expelled; the only instance of the word in S. It is used by Ben Jonson and Drayton.

30. *Unto Paris-ward.* Cf. "to bedward" in *Cor.* i. 6. 32. See also *Ps.* xlv. 5, 1 *Sam.* xix. 4, *Eph.* iii. 2, etc.

47. *Lovely.* The folios have "lowly;" corrected by Warb. Johnson thought that *lowly babe* might mean "the babe lying low in death."

62. *Who.* Changed in the 2d folio to "Whom." Cf. Gr. 274.

72. *They set him free*, etc. "The Duke was not liberated till *after* Burgundy's decline to the French interest; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of this very Joan la Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford" (Ritson).

75. *With them will be.* That is, *who* will be.

78. *Haughty.* High-spirited, elevated. See on ii. 5. 79 above.

85. *Like a Frenchman.* "The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes" (Johnson). But, as Clarke notes, the sneer is out of place in Joan's mouth, and it is inconceivable that S. should have assigned it to her.

91. *And seek how we may prejudice the foe.* "We cannot think that S., even when a schoolboy, would have put forth so soddenly vapid a sentence" (Clarke).

SCENE IV.—12. *My God.* The Coll. MS. has "his" for *my*.

18. *I do remember*, etc. "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never even saw him" (Malone).

20. *Resolved.* Assured, satisfied. Cf. i. 2. 91 above.

23. *Reguerdon'd.* Rewarded. Cf. the noun in iii. 1. 170 above.

29. *These colours.* Referring to the badge of a rose which he wears.

32. *Patronage.* See on iii. 1. 48 above.

38. *The law of arms*, etc. By the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. . . . And by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. xii. malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual

imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand" (Blackstone).

39. *Present.* Immediate; as very often.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—6. *Pretend.* Intend, purpose. Cf. *Macb.* p. 202, note on *Pretence.*

19. *Patay.* The folios have "Poictiers;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell). The battle of Poictiers was fought in 1357, and the present scene is in 1428. According to Holinshed, it was at the battle of Patay that Fastolfe disgraced himself.

35. *Haughty.* High. See on iii. 3. 78 above.

38. *Most extremes.* "Greatest extremities" (Steevens). Hanmer changes *most* to "worst."

54. *Pretend.* Indicate, intimate; a sense not far from that in 6 above. Rowe reads "Portend."

70. *How say you, my lord?* Pope reads "My lord, how say you?"

71. *Prevented.* Anticipated. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 94: "But we are prevented," etc. See also *Ps.* cxix. 147.

94. *Repugn.* Resist, oppose (Latin *repugno*).

101. *Noble.* The Coll. MS. has "royal."

102. *Quaint.* Artful. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 141.

107. *Bewray'd.* Betrayed. See *Lear*, p. 199.

141. *Stomachs.* See on i. 3. 89 above.

145. *Toy.* Trifle. See *M. N. D.* p. 179, or *Ham.* p. 247.

167. *Digest.* The 2d folio has "disgest," for which see *Cor.* p. 199. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 47: "You shall digest the venom of your spleen," etc. In the present passage, however, *digest*=vent.

180. *Wist.* The folios have "wish;" corrected by Capell.

192. *'T is much.* "'T is an alarming circumstance" (Malone).

193. *Envy.* Malice, enmity; as often. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 172. *Unkind* =unnatural.

194. *There comes.* The 2d folio has "Then comes," and Walker conjectures "Thence comes."

SCENE II.—10. *Three attendants*, etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. prol. 7:

> "and at his heels,
> Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
> Crouch for employment;"

and see our ed. p. 144.

14. *Our.* The folios have "their," which has been defended, but not satisfactorily. The emendation is Hanmer's.

22. *War.* Capell reads "death."

26. *Apparent.* Evident. See on ii. 1. 3 above.

29. *Rive.* Discharge; perhaps used, as Mason suggests, because "a cannon, when fired, has so much the appearance of bursting."

34. *Due.* Endue, deck, or grace (Johnson). The folios have "dew," which Steevens and Schmidt think may be right. Some print "'due."

43. *Peruse.* Scan, examine. See *Rich. II.* p. 194.

48. *In blood.* A technical term =in good condition. See *L. L. L.* p. 145.

49. *Rascal-like.* A *rascal* was a lean or worthless deer. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 58: "the noblest deer hath them [horns] as huge as the rascal;" and see our ed. p. 179.

54. *Dear deer.* For the quibble, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, *Macb.* iv. 3. 206, etc.

SCENE III.—13. *Louted.* Treated as a lout, made a fool of. Cf. Harrington, *Orlando Furioso:* "where me they lout and scorn;" *Ralph Roister Doister:* "He is louted and laughed to scorne," etc.

16. *Miscarry.* Be lost, perish. Cf. *T. N.* p. 152.

25. *Cornets.* Cavalry. See Wb.

29. *Remiss.* Here accented on the first syllable. See on *complete*, i. 2. 83 above. Cf. *distress'd* in the next line.

33. *Long of.* Along of, because of. *Long* is commonly printed "'long;" but see *M. N. D.* p. 168. The Camb. ed. has "'long" here, but "long" in *Cor.* v. 4. 32, etc.

47. *Vulture.* Alluding of course to the story of Prometheus.

49. *Neglection.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 127: "neglection of degree." In *Per.* iii. 3. 20, the quartos have "neglection," the folios "neglect."

51. *Ever living man of memory.* Man of ever living memory. Gr. 419*a*.

SCENE IV.—5. *Buckled with.* See on i. 2. 95 above.

13. *Bought and sold.* Betrayed. Cf. *K. John*, p. 176.

19. *In advantage lingering.* "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post" (Johnson); or perhaps, as Malone suggests, "endeavouring by every means that he can, with advantage to himself, to linger out the action, etc." H. adopts Lettsom's conjecture of "disvantage."

21. *Worthless emulation.* Unworthy rivalry. *Emulation* is generally used in a bad sense in S. Cf. iv. 1. 113 above. See also *T. C.* p. 153.

31. *Host.* Hanmer reads "horse" (the conjecture of Theo.); but cf. "levied succours" in 23 above. The horse probably formed only a part of the *host.* The reply of Somerset seems to favour the change, but it cannot be said to make it necessary.

44. *Though.* Changed by Capell to "if."

SCENE V.—8. *Unavoided.* Inevitable; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 217: "All unavoided is the doom of destiny," etc.

9. *My.* Changed by Rowe to "thy." These impertinent little changes are hardly worth recording, except to show what the correct text is. See on iii. 1. 82 above.

22. *Your regard.* "Your care for your own safety" (Johnson).

29. *Bow.* The Coll. MS. has "fly," and the Long MS. "go."

39. *Shame.* Walker conjectures "sham'd."

44. *Apparent.* Manifest, certain. See on ii. 1. 3 above.

52. *Son.* There is an apparent quibble on *sun* (Steevens). Cf. *V. and A.* 863, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 168, 171, *K. John*, ii. 1. 499, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 267, etc.

SCENE VI.—3. *France his sword.* See on i. 2. 1 above. Rowe reads "France's." *France*=King of France.

6. *Am I.* Rowe has "I am."

9. *Determin'd.* Terminated, ended. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 82: "Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me," etc.

13. *Spleen.* Ardour, impetuosity. Cf. *K. John*, p. 141.

32. *Wot.* Know; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting.*

35. *Mickle.* Much, great. See *R. and J.* p. 169.

44. *On that advantage*, etc. Theo. reads, "Out on that vantage," etc.; and Hanmer, "Oh! what advantage," etc. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "Before young Talbot fly from his father (in order to save his life while he destroys his character), *on*, or for the sake of, *the advantages* you mention, namely, preserving our household's name, etc., may my coward horse drop down dead!"

48. *Like.* Liken, compare; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 97 (quarto reading): "when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor," etc. Hanmer has "leave."

52. *It is no boot.* It is no use; as in *T. of S.* v. 2. 176: "for it is no boot," etc.

54. *Sire of Crete.* That is, Dædalus, the father of Icarus. Cf. iv. 7. 16 below, and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 21.

57. *Commendable.* Accented on the first syllable, as elsewhere in S. except *M. of V.* i. 1. 111.

SCENE VII.—3. *Smear'd with captivity.* "Stained and dishonoured with captivity" (Johnson).

9. *Guardant.* Defender.

10. *Tendering my ruin.* A strange expression, commonly explained as =tender of me in my fall, or watching me tenderly. We doubt, however, whether it has any connection with the adjective *tender.* Elsewhere we have the verb =have regard to, care for (see *A. Y. L.* p. 194, or *Temp.* p. 127), and that may be the sense here: caring for me, being heedful of me.

18. *Antic death.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 162:

> "Within the hollow crown
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
> Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
> Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp."

See our ed. p. 191; and for *antic* (=buffoon), cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 63, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 69, etc.

21. *Lither.* Pliant, yielding. Steevens says it is "the comparative of the adjective *lithe*;" but see Wb.

35. *Raging-wood.* Raving mad. For *wood* or *wode*, cf. *V. and A.* 740:

"frenzies wood;" and the play on the word in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 192: "And here am I, and wode within this wood" (see our ed. p. 147). Rowe reads "raging brood."

36. *Flesh his puny sword.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 133: "Full bravely hast thou flesh'd thy maiden sword."

41. *Giglot.* Wanton; as in *Cymb.* iii. 1. 31: "giglot Fortune." We find the noun in *M. for M.* v. 1. 352: "Those giglots." It is also spelled *giglet.*

52. *To know.* Omitted by Hanmer.

60. *Alcides.* Hercules. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 35, iii. 2. 55, *T. of S.* i. 2. 260, etc. Rowe reads "Where is," etc.

63. *Washford.* An old name of Wexford, in Ireland.

84. *Amaze.* "Confound, throw into consternation" (Steevens).

ACT V.

SCENE I.—5. *Concluded of.* Cf. *concluded on* in *Ham.* iii. 4. 201, etc.

7. *Affect.* Like; as in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 178: "Affect the untraded oath," etc. Cf. v. 5. 57 below. *Motion*=proposal.

13. *Immanity.* Ferocity (Latin *immanitas*).

17. *Kin.* The folios have "knit," which the Camb. editors retain, believing it to be a carrying-out of the conceit in *knot.* The correction is Pope's.

20. *Dowry.* Walker conjectures "dower."

21. *My years are young.* "His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old" (Malone).

28. *Is my Lord of Winchester install'd*, etc. The writer seems to forget that he has been referred to as already a cardinal in i. 3. 36 (Edwards). In iii. 1 and iv. 1, however, he is only a bishop.

49. *Where inshipp'd.* The reading of the 4th folio; the earlier folios have "wherein ship'd" or "shipp'd."

54. *Grave.* The Coll. MS. has "brave."

SCENE II.—5. *Powers.* The later folios have "power."

12. *Parties.* Changed by Pope to "parts."

SCENE III.—2. *Periapts.* Amulets (from the Greek περιάπτω). They commonly consisted of written charms, of which the 1st chapter of St. John's Gospel was regarded as especially potent. Malone quotes a story in point from *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "A cardinal, seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he had only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves St. John's Gospel? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin."

6. *Monarch of the north.* Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches, Amaimom (see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 168), Gorson, and Goap being the others. Reginald Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft,*

gives a full account of them. Johnson remarks: "The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore, assembles the rebel angels in the north" (Johnson). Cf. *P. L.* v. 755.

11. *Regions.* Sr., D., and H. have "legions" (the conjecture of Warb.). "The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions" (Steevens). In the preceding line, the Coll. MS. has "call'd" for *cull'd.* The epithet *powerful* has been thought to be unsuitable to *regions;* but surely it is a common rhetorical liberty. We often speak of a country or city when we mean the people in it.

25. *Vail.* Lower, let fall. See *M. of V.* p. 128.

28. *Buckle with.* See on i. 2. 95 above.

37. *Proper.* Comely. See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture.*

48, 49. *I kiss . . . side.* "Capell, and after him Malone and other editors, transpose these lines, making *them* refer to *reverent hands* in the line above; thus supposing Suffolk to handle Margaret before the audience, instead of kissing *her* hand and laying it gently back. But they may be right" (W.). The transposition is certainly very plausible, but not beyond question.

57. *Prisoner.* Changed in the 3d folio to "prisoners;" but *keep prisoner,* and *take prisoner* are sometimes used of more than one object, after the analogy of *take captive,* etc. For *her* the 1st folio misprints "his."

62. *As plays the sun,* etc. "This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted but did not dazzle, which was bright but gave no pain by its lustre" (Johnson).

67. *Disable.* Disparage, undervalue; as in *M. of V.* ii. 7. 30, etc.

68. *Is she not here?* The 2d folio adds "thy prisoner?" which H. changes to "thy captive?"

71. *Makes the senses rough.* Not very clear, and probably corrupt; but Hanmer's "crouch" is a poor attempt at emendation; and "mocks the sense of touch" in the Coll. MS. is improbable and unsatisfactory. Schmidt thinks the original may mean "disturbs them like a troubled water, ruffles them."

75. *How canst thou tell,* etc. "This and other speeches which follow are marked by Pope and subsequent editors as spoken aside, but this is so obvious that we have not thought it necessary to encumber our pages with marginal directions" (Camb. ed.).

78, 79. *She 's beautiful,* etc. These lines are found, with variations, in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 229, 330, and *T. A.* ii. 1. 82, 83. See *Rich. III.* p. 186. Steevens remarks that the second line seems to have been proverbial, and that it occurs in Greene's *Planetomachia,* 1585.

83. *I were best.* It would be best for me. Gr. 230, 352.

84. *A cooling card.* "A card so decisive as to cool the courage of an adversary; metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant" (Clarke). The expression is found in B. and F. and other writers of the time.

89. *Wooden thing.* "An awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed" (Steevens); or, perhaps, a stupid thing, worthy of a blockhead.

91. *Fancy.* Love; as very often.

107. *Captivate.* See on ii. 3. 42 above.

142. *Face.* That is, put on a false face, play the hypocrite.

154. *County.* The folios have "country;" corrected by Malone.

179. *Modestly.* The 1st folio has "modestie."

183. *Taint.* Tainted. Cf. *attaint* in v. 5. 81 below. See on *lift*, i. 1. 16 above.

186. *Peevish.* Silly, childish. See on ii. 4. 76 above.

189. *Minotaurs.* Alluding to the fabled monster in the Cretan Labyrinth.

192. *And natural.* The 1st folio has "Mad" for *And*, and the other folios have "Made;" corrected by Capell. Pope reads "Her," and Coll. "'Mid."

SCENE IV.—5. *Timeless.* Untimely; as in *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 5: "his timeless end," etc.

7. *Miser.* Miserable wretch; a sense of which Steevens gives several examples from old writers.

8. *I am descended of a gentler blood.* See on i. 2. 72 above.

17. *Obstacle.* "A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Chapman, *May-Day:* "An obstacle young thing it is," etc.

18. *Collop.* Literally, a slice of meat. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 137: "my collop!" and see our ed. p. 154.

49. *Misconceived.* Mistaken ones. Changed by Capell to "misconceivers." Coll. and Clarke join the word to what follows, as the 4th folio does. For passive participles in an active sense, cf. Gr. 294, 374. *Mistaken* is =mistaking.

64. *Hale.* See on i. 1. 149 above.

68. *Juggling.* A trisyllable. See on i. 4. 69 above.

74. *Machiavel.* As Steevens remarks, the character of Machiavelli seems to have made so very deep an impression on the writers of this age that he is often prematurely spoken of, as here.

87. *Reflex.* Changed by Warb. to "reflect."

91. *Drive you to break your necks*, etc. "A line of bathos worthy to form a climax to the balderdash put into the mouth of the miserably drawn puppet-personage stuck up in this play as the representation of Joan of Arc" (Clarke).

97. *Remorse.* Pity; the most common meaning in S. See *M. of V.* p. 156.

114. *Severe.* Accented on the first syllable. Cf. *M. for M.* p. 145. See also on *complete*, i. 2. 83 above.

115. *As.* That. Cf. v. 5. 42 below, and see on iii. 1. 16 above.

121. *Prison'd.* The folios have "poyson'd;" corrected by Theo.

139. *With.* Changed by Rowe to "of."

150. *Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?* "Do you stand to com-

pare your present state, a state which you have neither right nor power to maintain, with the terms which we offer?" (Johnson).

152. *Of benefit.* "A term of law. The meaning is, be content to live as the beneficiary of our King" (Johnson).

153. *Challenge.* Claim.

175. *Entertain.* The Coll. MS. has "interchange."

SCENE V.—7. *So am I driven*, etc. "This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest" (Johnson).

31. *Triumph.* Tournament. See *Rich. II.* p. 212, and *T. G. of V.* p. 153.

42. *As.* That; as in 86 below. See on v. 4. 115 above.

47. *Where.* Whereas. Gr. 134. Pope reads "While."

55. *Marriage.* The 2d folio has "But marriage."

56. *By attorneyship.* "By the intervention of another man's choice, or the discretional agency of another" (Johnson).

57. *Affects.* Prefers, loves. Cf. v. 1. 7 above.

60. *It most.* The folios omit *It;* corrected by Rowe.

64. *Bringeth.* The 2d folio adds "forth." *Contrary* may be a quadrisyllable. Gr. 477.

68. *Feature.* For the singular, see *T. N.* p. 156.

72. *Will.* Omitted by Pope.

80. *For that.* Because.

90. *To cross.* H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "Across."

97. *Censure.* Judge. Cf. the noun in ii. 3. 10 above. See also *J. C.* p. 164.

100. *From.* Away from. Gr. 158.

ADDENDUM.

TIME-ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1877–9, p. 305) as follows:

"Time of this play eight days; with intervals.

"Day 1. Act I. sc. i.–vi.

Interval. Time for Bedford to arrive in France; *i. e.* if *time* was required for his journey, which is somewhat doubtful. At any rate, the interval must be short, for Salisbury has yet to be buried in the following scenes, and possibly Day 2 should only be supposed the morrow of Day 1.

" 2. Act II. sc. i.–v.

" 3. Act III. sc. i.

Interval, during which we are to imagine that the young king and his court arrive in Paris.

" 4. Act III. sc. ii.

" 5. Act III. sc. iii.

Interval. Talbot's march to Paris.

Day 6. Act III. sc. iv., Act IV. sc. i.
Interval. Talbot prepares for and sets out on his new expedition. King Henry returns to England.
" 7. Act IV. sc. ii.–vii., and Act V. sc. i.–iii.
Interval, during which we may suppose Winchester journeying to France and Suffolk to England.
" 8. Act V. sc. iv. and v.

"Historic period, say from death of Henry V., 31 August, 1422, to the treaty of marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret, end of 1444."

OLD MONUMENT OF JOAN OF ARC, ROUEN.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK.

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SHAKESPEARE.

WITH NOTES BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

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Hamlet.	**King Lear.**
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Richard III.	**Merry Wives of Windsor.**
Richard the Second.	**Measure for Measure.**
Much Ado About Nothing.	**Two Gentlemen of Verona.**
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Romeo and Juliet.	**Timon of Athens.**
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